

# A PLAN TO DESTROY GERMANY

By William B. Ziff

# BEHIND THE LABOR CRISIS

By Benjamin Stolberg

MAY 1942

# The American Mercury



25 cents

30¢ in Canada

Galveston's Street of Shame

The New Army Hates Parades

Drexel Biddle: Gentleman Tough

Franco Invades Latin America

Dunkirk Bill

How Decadent Are We?

The Miracle of Switzerland

Inside Play Production

One to Forget, *A Story*

Sing, America, Sing! *A Poem*

What You Should Know About Bombs

Cottontail: A Triumph of Wild Nature

Ed Kilman

William Bradford Huie

J. P. McEvoy

Bryce Oliver

Louis Golding

Max Eastman

Anita Daniel

George Jean Nathan

Frank K. Kelly

Dorothy Kissling

Erling F. Iverson

Alan Devoe

POETRY · BOOKS · OPEN FORUM · CARTOONS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MAN OF WAR



**P**ETE is a quiet, peace-loving man. Treats his family fine and pays his bills and gets along with his neighbors. Hasn't struck a blow in anger since he was a kid and caught another boy mistreating a dog.

But today Pete is mad clear through. You'd never guess it to see him at home; if anything he's quieter than ever. He isn't the kind to go around gritting his teeth and calling names.

When you see him at work, though—then's when you realize the difference. For there's a deadly precision in the way he goes about his work. He's on the job a little before starting time; he pays more careful attention to what he's doing; he knows what he's building and for whom he's building it. And that's why he's probably the most dangerous, the "fightingest" enemy the Axis powers have.

For it's men like Pete—who feel the way he feels, who are doing what he is doing—who are manning the machines in America's factories today. And they're

array of weapons the world has ever seen.

There are a lot of men like Pete among the many General Electric employees these days. In their off hours you'll find them acting as air-raid wardens in their communities. You'll find them among the more than 100,000 G-E men and women who, without any fanfare or hurrah-boys, have signed up for U.S. Defense Savings Bonds to the tune of more than \$20,000,000 a year. But most important of all, you'll find them on their job—doing what they know best and giving it the best they've got.

Quiet, peaceable, determined men of war. They're the men who, a few months ago, took pride in building refrigerators, radios, washing machines, and all the other contributions of electricity to peacetime living. Today they're putting their whole heart into the building of grimmer things—so that they and all of us may the sooner pick up the never-ending job of making better things for a better America.

General Electric Company, Schenectady,

PROCESSED BY THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**MACMILLAN**

*Presents*

**ONLY  
ONE STORM**

by  
**GRANVILLE HICKS**

A NOVEL WE BELIEVE  
WILL BE OUTSTANDING  
AMONG ANY PUB-  
LISHED IN 1942

*Because*

it is a picture of what is happening in America: a story in which one small New England village stands as a symbol of every American community under stress of world crisis;

*Because*

it is a book which faces life: a superb novel of real people, of mounting excitement, of satisfying climax; a book as fine, as honest, as heartening as any we have read.

all bookstores \$2.75

**MARGARET DULEY'S**

*Novelty on Earth*

A novel concerned with adult love, profound and close-companioned, a shake-the-earth romance between a man and woman of widely divergent worlds. Miss Duley develops her story largely through brittle, sprightly, sophisticated conversation. \$2.50

**JOHN D. WEAVER'S**

*Wind Before Rain*

"He has a gift for both direct and indirect narration that is fresh and exciting. He has something of Hardy's power of natural realism. Let me say flatly: There is no question about it, John D. Weaver is a find!"—Louis Untermeyer. \$2.50

**NELIA GARDNER WHITE'S**

*Daughter of Time*

"Miss White has dared greatly in taking for her heroine a woman (Katherine Mansfield) not only remembered well by many, but one, moreover, who has written of herself with a fullness and a candor which presents a challenge to the novelist."—Book-of-the-Month Club News. \$2.50

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

**60 Fifth Avenue**

**New York City**

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME  
LIV

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER  
221

May, 1942

|                                                       |                       |                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| A Plan to Destroy Germany . . . . .                   | William B. Ziff       | 521                |
| Drexel Biddle: Gentleman Tough . . . . .              | J. P. McEvoy          | 536                |
| Franco Invades Latin America . . . . .                | Bryce Oliver          | 543                |
| The Miracle of Switzerland . . . . .                  | Anita Daniel          | 552                |
| The New Army Hates Parades . . . . .                  | William Bradford Huie | 559                |
| Galveston's Street of Shame . . . . .                 | Ed Kilman             | 567                |
| LIFE WITH THE EXPERTS . . . . .                       |                       | 575                |
| Behind the Labor Crisis . . . . .                     | Benjamin Stolberg     | 578                |
| Sing, America, Sing! <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .          | Dorothy Kissling      | 591                |
| Dunkirk Bill . . . . .                                | Louis Golding         | 593                |
| One to Forget, <i>A Story</i> . . . . .               | Frank K. Kelly        | 600                |
| What You Should Know About Bombs . . . . .            | Erling F. Iverson     | 608                |
| THE THEATRE:                                          |                       |                    |
| <i>Inside Play Production</i> . . . . .               | George Jean Nathan    | 615                |
| DOWN TO EARTH:                                        |                       |                    |
| <i>Cottontail: A Triumph of Wild Nature</i> . . . . . | Alan Devoe            | 621                |
| POETRY:                                               |                       |                    |
| Spring Song . . . . .                                 | Charles Edward Eaton  | 607                |
| THE LIBRARY:                                          |                       |                    |
| <i>How Decadent Are We?</i> . . . . .                 | Max Eastman           | 626                |
| CHECK LIST . . . . .                                  |                       | 631                |
| OPEN FORUM . . . . .                                  |                       | 634                |
| CONTRIBUTORS . . . . .                                |                       | 638                |
| RECORDED MUSIC . . . . .                              |                       | 639                |
| CARTOONS BY SAUL STEINBERG AND ARTHUR SZYK . . . . .  |                       | 542, 546, 551, 614 |

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1942, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered

as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

John Tebbel, *Managing Editor*; Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*

Ready to go  
anywhere  
... QUICKLY

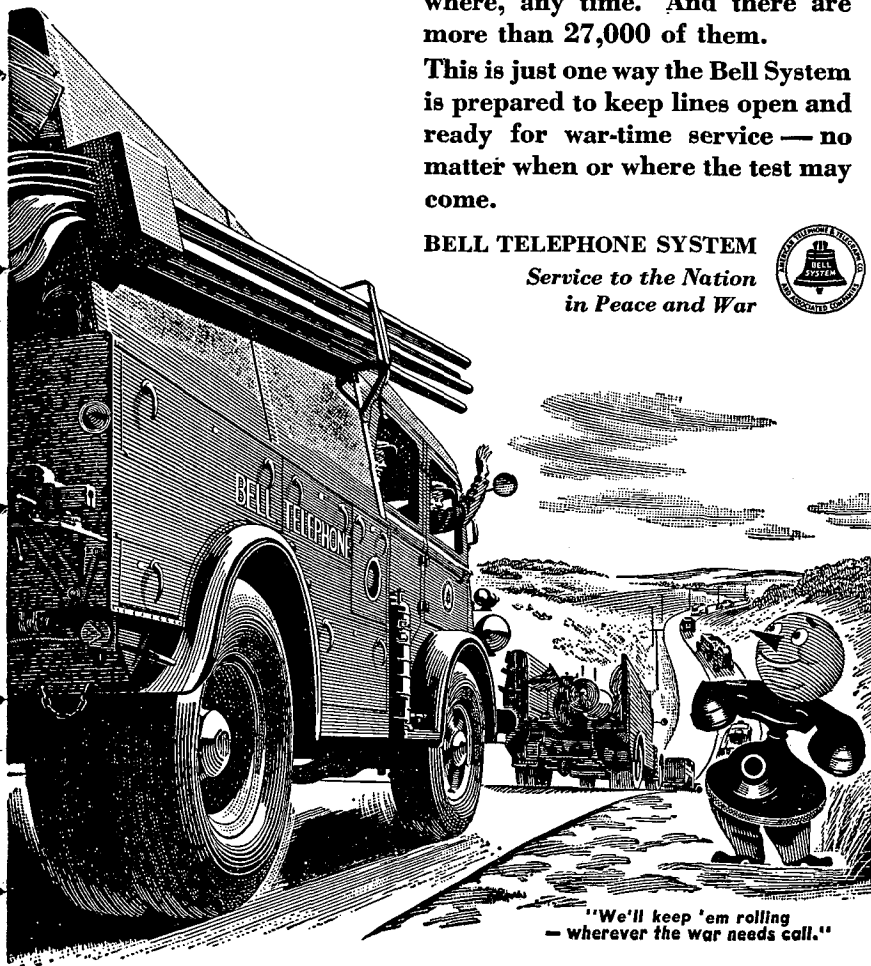
It's reassuring these days to see those sturdy Bell System trucks along the highway.

They are mechanized motor units. Each has a highly skilled crew; each has its own tools, power and materials. They are ready and efficient and can be mobilized anywhere, any time. And there are more than 27,000 of them.

This is just one way the Bell System is prepared to keep lines open and ready for war-time service — no matter when or where the test may come.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Service to the Nation  
in Peace and War*



"We'll keep 'em rolling  
— wherever the war needs call."

# If the Maestro had been a distiller

What, music-making akin to whiskey-making? Yes, *sir*.

So much so that if the Maestro had chosen to create harmonies of *taste* instead of *tone*, we'd have him on our payroll as a blender!

For his magic with the 88 notes of his piano is very much like our method of producing that magnificent whiskey you know as Calvert.

From our 253-note "key-

board" of rare blending stocks — composed of 151 aged whiskeys and 102 mellow grain neutral spirits — we select harmonious chords of flavor, bouquet, smoothness — of *all* desirable whiskey qualities.

Then . . . we weave these chords into one glorious drink that thrills your palate as a great melody thrills your ear. The result is the masterpiece called Calvert Whiskey.



Yes, and just as almost every man responds to something in a musical masterpiece, so Calvert strikes a responsive note on almost every tongue that savors it.

For Calvert is a unique combination of all the qualities most people appreciate and prefer in a whiskey.

We're not guessing at that. We know. Because in this broad

country of many tastes and preferences — more people buy Calvert\* than any other luxury whiskey.

# Calvert

## The Institute of Blends

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. \*Calvert "Special": The straight whiskeys in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskeys, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Calvert "Reserve": The straight whiskeys in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskeys, 65% grain neutral spirits.



# Take Your Pick of 300 Little Blue Books at Bargain Price of 5¢ Each

Add 1¢ per book for packing, handling and carriage. Order by number. Order at least 20 books—as many more as you like. Canada and foreign, 7¢ per book, prepaid. If you order every book in this ad—300 books—remit only \$14.75 and we will prepay all carriage charges.

## Self-Help Books

- 25 Rhyming Dictionary
- 75 On the Choice of Books
- 78 Hints on Public Speaking
- 82 Common Faults in Writing English
- 86 On Reading. Brandes
- 93 How to Live 100 Years
- 192 A Book of Synonyms
- 326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
- 514 Hints on Writing Poetry
- 556 Hints on Etiquette
- 629 Hand-book of Legal Forms
- 639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
- 681 Spelling Self Taught
- 682 Grammar Self Taught
- 683 Punctuation Self Taught
- 703 Physiology Self Taught
- 734 Useful Phrases
- 748 Plane Geometry Self Taught
- 751 How to Merchandise
- 801 A Rapid Calculator
- 815 Familiar Quotations
- 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 English Composition Self Taught
- 835 Useful Tables
- 847 Card Games
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 856 Arithmetic Self Taught Part I
- 857 Arithmetic Self Taught Part II
- 868 Hints on Self-Improvement
- 872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
- 894 How to Advertise
- 994 Physics Self Taught
- 1004 How to Save Money
- 1174 How to Write Business Letters
- 1319 How to Study
- 1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
- 1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness
- 1555 Rules for Success in Business
- 1726 How to Think Creatively

## Biography

- 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
- 123 Life of Madame du Barry
- 141 Life of Napoleon
- 142 Life of Bismarck
- 253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
- 324 Life of Lincoln
- 343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
- 395 Autobiography of Cellini
- 412 Life of Mahomet

- 490 Life of Michelangelo
- 506 Life of Voltaire
- 522 Life of Thomas Paine
- 523 Life of Franklin
- 525 Life of Goethe
- 526 Life of Caesar
- 537 Life of Barnum
- 565 Magellan and the Pacific
- 604 Life of Roosevelt
- 718 Great Women of Antiquity
- 769 Life of Thomas Jefferson

## Entertainment

- 606 How to Play Chess
- 658 Toasts for All Occasions
- 893 Five Hundred Riddles
- 1006 Children's Games
- 1010 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks
- 1103 Book of Puzzles and Brainteasers
- 1139 Photography Self Taught
- 1175 Amusing Riddles
- 1210 Mathematical Oddities
- 1239 Party Games for Grown Ups
- 1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught
- 1688 100 Cocktails
- 1747 Games of Solitaire

## Famous Books

- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
- 220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
- 313 Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde
- 337 Pippa Passes. Robert Browning
- 349 Apology for Idlers
- 394 Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson
- 406 Essay on Man. Alexander Pope
- 785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
- 1196 Girl With Three Husbands
- 1532 Don Quixote. Cervantes

## Fiction

- 12 Mystery Tales. Poe
- 21 Carmen
- 23 Great Sea Stories
- 40 House and Brain
- 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
- 107 The Dream Woman
- 145 Great Ghost Stories
- 215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
- 223 Wanton Wife of a King. Jack London
- 277 Man Without a Country
- 290 The Gold Bug
- 352 Short Stories, William Morris
- 672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
- 698 Tales of Chicago. Ben Hecht
- 699 Broken Necks. Ben Hecht
- 746 A Daughter of Eve
- 1467 Sketches of Naughty Ladies. Goethe
- 1458 The Princess and the Tiger. Goethe

- 1610 One Lover Among Many
- 1669 The Jolly Beggars. Robt. Burns

## Fine Arts

- 387 History of Painting
- 403 History of Music
- 466 History of Sculpture
- 468 History of Architecture

## French Literature in English

- 3 Fourteen Little Essays. Voltaire
- 6 Love. Maupassant
- 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
- 28 Toleration. Voltaire
- 52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
- 66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas.
- 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
- 87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
- 103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
- 104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
- 198 Majesty of Justice. France
- 199 The Tallow Ball. Maupassant
- 200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
- 221 On Women. Maeterlinck
- 292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
- 314 Short Stories. Daudet
- 344 Don Juan. Balzac
- 886 The Piece of String. Maupassant
- 887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
- 888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael

## Health

- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair
- 1321 Fasting for Health
- 1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
- 1435 Constipation: Its Correction
- 1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
- 1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
- 1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
- 1534 How to Test Urine at Home
- 1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
- 1563 Marvels of Sunlight

## History

- 50 Paine's Common Sense
- 83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant
- 126 History of Rome
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
- 150 Lost Civilizations
- 214 Speeches of Lincoln
- 276 Speeches of Washington

Little Blue Book list continues on opposite page



- 558 Great Pirates. C. J. Finger  
596 A History of Modern Mexico  
627 History of the Jews  
1757 Facts About Alaska

### **Humor**

- 20 Let's Laugh. Nasby  
26 On Going to Church:  
Bernard Shaw  
168 Witty Epigrams. Oscar Wilde  
291 The Jumping Frog. Twain  
347 Riddle Rimes  
348 Best Wit of the Scotch  
382 Humor of Lincoln  
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon  
771 Humor of "Bill" Nye  
797 Humorous Anecdotes  
1146 College Humor

### **Juvenile**

- 44 Aesop's Fables  
57 Rip Van Winkle  
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales  
158 Alice in Wonderland  
188 Adventures of Munchausen  
391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida  
516 Real Adventures  
559 Robinson Crusoe  
716 Mother Goose  
819 Strange Murders  
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella

### **Literature**

- 95 Confessions of an Opium Eater  
177 Subjection of Women  
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere  
289 Pepys' Diary  
513 Travels of Marco Polo  
799 Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith  
829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow  
1569 Boccaccio — Lover and Chronicler of Love

### **Love and Romance**

- 196 The Marquise: Secret Passion  
283 Courtship of Miles Standish  
404 Romances of Paris  
713 Byron and the Women He Loved  
786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers  
810 Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life  
817 Her Burning Secret  
920 Queer Night in Paris  
921 Mme. Teller's Establishment  
922 Wife's Confession  
976 Casanova: World's Greatest Lover  
990 Wagner's Great Love Affair  
1113 Love from Many Angles  
1202 Forbidden Love  
1213 Romance That Balzac Lived  
1428 Curious Love Affairs

- 1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania

### **Philosophy**

- 11 A Guide to Nietzsche  
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was  
96 Dialogues of Plato  
101 Thoughts on Man. Pascal  
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life  
159 Guide to Plato  
414 Art of Happiness. Powys  
520 A Guide to Spinoza. Durant  
571 Story of Kant's Philosophy  
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus

### **Religion**

- 4 The Age of Reason. Paine  
61 What is Religion? Tolstoy  
184 Primitive Beliefs  
593 As a Man Thinketh  
600 The Essence of the Bible  
636 Greatest Thing in the World  
684 Essence of Judaism

### **Russian Literature (in English)**

- 24 The Kiss. Chekhov  
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories  
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev  
105 Seven Hanged. Andreyev  
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky

### **Science**

- 53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason  
92 Hypnotism Made Plain  
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior  
217 The Puzzle of Personality  
447 Auto-Suggestion  
491 Psychology for Beginners  
524 Death: and Its Problems  
555 Structure of the Earth  
679 Chemistry for Beginners  
727 Psychology of Affections  
761 Food and Diet  
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams  
876 Curiosities of Mathematics  
1299 Origin of Life  
1754 How to Read Finger Prints

### **Social Hygiene**

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know  
91 Manhood: Facts of Life  
189 Eugenics Made Plain  
648 Rejuvenation — Fountain of Youth. Fielding  
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself  
653 What Boys Should Know  
654 What Young Men Should Know  
655 What Young Women Should Know  
656 What Married Men Should Know

- 657 What Married Women Should Know  
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases  
782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body  
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis  
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis  
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

### **Miscellaneous**

- 986 How to Talk and Debate  
987 The Art of Kissing  
988 The Art of Courtship  
1003 How to Think Logically  
1009 Typewriting Self Taught  
1012 Best Negro Jokes  
1013 Best Irish Jokes  
1014 Best American Jokes  
1018 Humorous Limericks  
1023 Popular Recitations  
1043 Study of Woman. Balzac  
1069 Conquest of Fear  
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles  
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome  
1093 Amusing Puns  
1097 Memory: How to Develop  
1109 Spanish Self Taught  
1126 Eating for Health  
1170 Funny Ghost Stories  
1176 A Mad Love  
1184 Book of Best Scotch Jokes  
1207 French Self Taught  
1221 Facts About Will Power  
1228 Best Jokes About Drunks  
1231 Book of Best Jokes  
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers  
1292 Best Short Stories  
1320 How to Get a Husband  
1333 Common Sense of Health  
1340 How to Get a Job  
1342 Typical Love-Problems  
1354 Book of Striking Similes  
1430 Shorthand Self Taught  
1434 How to Think Clearly  
1475 Book of Best Jokes  
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans  
1562 How to Live Long  
1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases  
1710 The Magic of Numbers  
1712 Great Dates in History  
1714 Determinism vs. Free Will  
1715 Funeral Services Without Theology  
1717 Religion and Progress  
1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity  
1721 Gambler's Luck  
1739 Hints on Developing Personality  
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed  
1753 Why Many Women are Unattractive  
1756 Simplified Cook-Book  
1761 America's Little Hitlers

**HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.**  
**DEPT. A-41**      **Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.**

# **FLASH- TO READERS OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY**

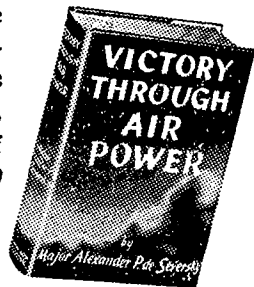
**A**S THIS ISSUE of *The American Mercury* appears on the newsstands, a book of compelling importance is being rushed to the bookstores. It is *Victory Through Air Power*, by Major Alexander de Seversky.

The editors of the Mercury report that Major Seversky's series of articles in this magazine have resulted in a wave of reader response and enthusiasm beyond anything within their memory. The book is completely rewritten and integrated into a single weapon designed for one purpose: to tell America how to win the war.

Every major battle in this war has underlined the importance of airpower. Germany won Poland, Norway, France and Crete by controlling the air. It was the RAF that saved Britain. Aircraft played a major role in the great battles on Russian soil. Air superiority enabled the Japs to take Hong Kong, Singapore, Java. As Major Seversky points out, we shall lose this war until we begin to think and fight primarily in terms of air power.

*Victory Through Air Power* shows how. It outlines a specific strategy of victory calling for a separate air force and a unified high command. It isn't only a book to read one's self. It is a book to make others read, to crusade for everywhere, because it gives the program whereby we can win the final battle, by gaining complete superiority in the element that is best suited to our geographic position, our national resources, and the genius of our people—the air. *Illus., Price \$2.50*

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS  
1230—6TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



# *The American* MERCURY

---

## A PLAN TO DESTROY GERMANY

BY WILLIAM B. ZIFF

*Editor and Publisher of Flying Magazine*

THE United Nations have at their disposal the necessary resources as well as an ideal base of operations for a direct knockout campaign against Germany, their principal enemy. We can exploit this advantage to win the war in the shortest time at the least cost in life and substance to ourselves — provided we alter radically our conception of the type of attack force required to perform this operation successfully, gearing our energies and investment of brains, men and material for an all-out assault in the air sphere. The necessary preparations for such a tremendous enterprise are immense. They dwindle to minor proportions, however, when contrasted with the colossal preparations necessary for sea-borne inva-

sions by millions of soldiers with mountains of equipment, based on vast and complex transport systems.

We are now being urged into an unlimited offensive by a rising tide of public emotion as well as by the pressure of Russia. Because of this insistent demand, there is some danger that we may attempt to smash out at the Japs as well as attempt to open a "second front" in Western Europe — or even to essay a utopian invasion of Italy — long before conditions are ripe for such gigantic enterprises. In any case, we are engaged in the most tremendous effort by any nation in all history to throw together huge armies equipped with all the paraphernalia of modern war in order to meet the

enemy on his own terms, somewhere, sometime, and to overwhelm him in a duel of manpower and equipment.

Even if we are able to train and equip the required invading force in time, just how are we going to use it? The dullest mind by this time rejects the plan that we sit quietly waiting for the war to be brought to us. But if the idea is to utilize enormous bodies of men for a series of offensive actions, a host of pertinent problems arise. These armies must be transported, together with matériel, replacements, oil, food and other supplies, for all of which we have neither the staggering mass of ship bottoms required nor the necessary safe supply lines.

An invasion of Europe must also reckon with the demonstrated fact that naval forces are unable to approach coasts defended by adequate land-based air power. From the moment our projected fleet of troop ships entered enemy waters, they would be under pitiless bombardment from great swarms of torpedo carriers and heavy bombers.

Moreover, our hastily trained armies would face in Europe approximately seven million armed Germans, veterans of many engagements, of whom only a few million are actively involved on the Eastern front. The enemy has per-

fect supply lines and can operate on short interior lines, from perfectly prepared air fields, whereas we should be obliged to improvise in every respect, with our task force dependent for survival on lines of communications which must be described, at the least, as brittle. In short, the enemy may be relied upon to smash us in detail wherever we appear before we can even get into action.

The British, who have been fighting piecemeal land battles all over the globe, have taken a disastrous beating wherever they have attempted a land operation in force. Whether in Norway or Greece or Malaya, they have always found themselves outmaneuvered, outgunned, outnumbered and without the one element absolutely essential for success: adequate protection in the skies.

Only in the Battle of Britain was the story reversed and the reversal bore little relation to existing land or sea strength. Actually, the German juggernaut was stopped cold in its tracks by some three thousand young men, who fought in the skies and won the most decisive battle in modern times. They first blunted and then turned back the spearhead of the German attack, an invasion by "Göring's highly-touted *Luftwaffe*, winning this

struggle because of superior equipment, firepower and tactics, and because the enemy's aviation proved itself utterly incompetent in terms of the task before it.

That decision was made in the only possible place it could be made — over England. That brings us squarely to the fact that any action on non-German or non-Japanese territory, even if it involves the motions of offense, *is still a defensive action*. It still leaves intact the mainsprings of the enemy's power, the whole complex of his organized industrial and military strength. No true offensive action can take place anywhere except directly upon or over the territory of our chief enemy, Germany, or our secondary enemy, Japan.

The one road open to us for striking at the heart of the Axis war effort, at Germany proper, is through the air. Here alone we could outmatch the Germans in a decisive theatre of operations. Here our industrial capacity, our technological resources and *our tactical position* give us the promise of superiority against anything the Germans can do to throw the scales back into balance again. Only here do the realities of the situation favor us, and then only if we recognize them and act on them in time.

Up until World War I, the science of war had changed but little. It was essentially a tussle between individual people armed with individual guns massed together to obtain the greatest firepower. A few gifted men like our own General "Billy" Mitchell and the Italian, General Douhet, glimpsed the revolutionary change which has occurred since then. Where only armed masses counted in the past, a new factor has now been introduced: the masses are today in the industrial machine behind the lines. For purposes of concentrated attack, the mechanical monster has taken the place of massed bayonets. War has become a matter of output and superior industrial economy — planes, motor vehicles, fuel, guns and other instruments. It is, moreover, governed more vitally than ever by geographical position.

We have seen war conditioned by this new factor in Europe and Asia and have been especially impressed by the so-called *blitzkrieg* technique. Vast armies equipped with armored machines and cooperating air forces have proved themselves an irresistible team. But we have learned that the magic of *blitzkrieg* holds good only on a contiguous land surface. The entire Nazi *Wehrmacht*, magnificent in its strength, was compelled to pull up

short at the English Channel to wait for a decision in the skies over Britain. It is still waiting.

When two adversaries are separated by a body of water which cannot be bridged, the one which is able to develop an overwhelming assault by the use of air power will, with inexorable certainty, finally grind its opponent to bits. In that situation, possession of huge land forces may become an actual liability, since the necessity of maintaining them prevents concentration of all energy, factory facilities and raw materials on the creation of the only possible attack force which can operate under such conditions — *the invading air armada*.

The struggle, then, as the Battle of Britain demonstrated so clearly, becomes one of air strength alone. Ground forces are immobilized for practical purposes. A British air marshal reduced the whole equation to a few words some months ago when he remarked, in reply to my question, "Any army of invasion on the continent is quite impossible — only an army of occupation is possible."

## II

As far as the military position of the United States is concerned, the governing realities are determined

by the existence of the British Isles, only a few hundred miles from the German heart of the Axis war effort, *as an advance base for our operations*. The implications of our favorable position have not been generally grasped; indeed, they are being wholly ignored by those who press for "second fronts" in the sense of land invasions.

It is exactly as though Germany were able to base herself on Cuba and Long Island, at a time when we were engaged in a grim, landlocked struggle with a neighbor to the north or south. Imagine that Germany, under those circumstances, were able to devote all her massive resources to the construction of crushing air strength, to be hurled at us from those advance bases in a systematic demolition of our railroad yards and communications, factories, warehouses and public utilities, without any fear of effective retaliation. That, in sober fact, is our position as against Germany.

General Mitchell, testifying before Congress on June 1, 1933, asserted that "in order to gain a war it is not necessary to destroy the hostile main army or navy, but it is necessary to destroy the vital centers of the opposing force." And that is the strategy open to us — the only strategy and the most

economical by any measure of values — as long as we can operate from the British Isles.

Fortunately, there is little if any doubt that those islands are firmly held under the shield of the Royal Air Force. The drain on Germany's energy, factory space, intelligence and raw materials for other purposes has been so great that she could hardly have perfected the aviation strength necessary to secure domination of the English skies; and in the meantime, both British and American productive potentials have been developing with impressive speed.

If England should fall, the wholly favorable tactical position which we now enjoy would at once disappear. We would then face Germany on equal terms, except for the relative capacities to produce. Therein lies the urgency of utilizing the current tactical picture without delay. Our strategy against the Axis must be governed by a recognition of the fact that we must take the offensive before the emergence of a great, compact Eurasian-African land mass whose manpower and resources would outweigh our own by many times. When this fatal point is reached, instead of our outbuilding the Axis, the Axis will outbuild us.

The key to the whole Axis struc-

ture is Germany. Once the Nazi citadel is knocked out, Japan would be left in a hopeless situation; vast enemy forces would place her long battle-lines in a relentless nutcracker; her grip on Asia would have to be yielded almost at once; and an attack on the main Nipponese islands, similar in scope to that which would have previously reduced Germany, would force a speedy decision. Our course against Japan, therefore, involves largely a holding action, with airplane and submarine attacks endeavoring to hamstring the vastly overextended Jap supply lines which now lead out like a shaky funnel almost four thousand miles to the south.

We can fight the Battle of Germany now and win by systematic, grueling destruction over a limited period of time, if we concentrate on the task. We are now producing several hundred four-engine bombers a month, which will soon be raised to 500 a month, plus a considerable flow of light and medium craft. A reasonable diversion of our raw materials and industrial energies from other and less critically needed equipment would enable us to boost the monthly output to a thousand heavy bombers within a year. Curtiss-Wright has just announced that it will build military transports almost entirely of ply-



wood and the Russians are reported to have fast fighter planes made of the same material, with the exception of tail surfaces and other vulnerable parts. These opportunities for substitution open tremendous possibilities for pyramiding output beyond the best estimates of today, if only by allowing the rarer metals to be funneled almost *in toto* to the bomber program.

Our entire available attack force should be based on Britain and hurled at the heart and center of the enemy's system, the Reich itself. Whatever we have in productive strength should be concentrated immediately, with an unswerving singleness of purpose, on the job of knocking out Germany by direct and sustained assault from the British Isles.

One military principle which remains unchanged was formulated by von Clausewitz. It is that all forces which can possibly be brought to bear should be at the point where the decisive blows are to be struck, even at the risk of weakness at other points. An air offensive, to be successful, cannot be a mere harassing affair. It must be an attack in force comparable to any other type of all-out campaign. It should accept the necessity of heavy losses, just as this is accepted in a great land operation.

When I was in London recently, the British boasted that they had dropped some ten thousand tons of high explosives on the enemy within a period of three months. Compared to the amount of munitions — and lives — which would have been used up in a massive land attack, this must be regarded as a trivial operation. Yet the damage inflicted has been considerable. I have seen pictures of raided cities like Aachen and Hamm, with whole sections razed to the ground. Raids by hundreds of planes, carrying from two to eight tons of bombs, had become commonplace occurrences.

But these at best must be regarded as experimental forays. Too much of our own and our allies' air force has been dispersed in secondary actions. The task is the single one of concentrating nearly all available air power and the increasing flow of new aviation production on the main German target.

Our ultimate goal, as the grand finale of the great operation, should be a continuously replenished pool of five thousand heavy bombers weighing up to three hundred tons each, with speeds in excess of four hundred miles per hour.<sup>1</sup> Such an

---

<sup>1</sup> Glenn Martin has already announced that he is prepared to build a plane weighing 250 tons and carrying a payload of eighty tons, whenever such a plane becomes desirable from the military view. Another company is said to have a plane under construction which would carry a useful load of fifty tons.

aerial offensive, coupled with a willingness to write off in advance two thousand of these bombers a month as a necessary investment, would for the first time constitute a genuine attack in force which could hope to bring about an absolute decision with no other important supplementary factor in operation.

It would amount to a new front on the one level where we have the advantage. Even before the heavy winter losses suffered by the Nazis in Russia, Sir Archibald Sinclair told me he was certain "that the RAF was now superior to the Germans in every department, quantitatively as well as qualitatively." Certainly the margin of superiority, if indeed it does exist already, is not sufficient to allow England alone to take control of the air at points so distant from her own bases. Besides, RAF pursuits are too short-ranged to provide the necessary support to bombers — a fault that is being rapidly remedied. The new Westland Whirlwind, a single-seater, two-engine fighter, is said to have accompanied bombers as far as Cologne, and carries four twenty-millimeter cannon bunched in the nose of the fuselage (a revolutionary development matched by this country's Lockheed P-38, which is rated at over 410 miles per hour and is built for an altitude of more

than thirty-eight thousand feet.

We have the tremendous advantage of being able to throw all we have into air power, once we have decided upon that as the most direct course of action. Germany cannot do this. It is locked in a gigantic battle on the Eastern front, and must maintain enormous land forces even if the Soviets were suddenly to drop out of the war. The opportunity wide open to the United Nations can be underscored by quoting Napoleon's famous maxim: "Never attack in front a position that can be taken by turning." Air power offers the "turning" that leaps over the millionfold Axis land forces and the great stretches of strongly-held territory which old-style strategists would have us storm by direct frontal attack.

### III

The primary aim of the United Nations should be to increase the weight of aerial attack against Germany at all costs and with the utmost possible speed.

The manufacture of heavy bombers should be concentrated in the United States and these would be flown over directly to their operational bases in Britain. The problems of transport would thus be

greatly reduced. Dovetailing with this effort, the British would concentrate on the construction of fighter planes. As long as the Russian front remains active, this growing air armada would, in effect, function as the cooperative unit in a gigantic land-air action. A true and a practical "second front" would thus be opened.

In a recent address, Lord Halifax declared that even the forays now being made over the Reich have "forced Germany to keep in the West half its available fighters, when they would otherwise have been flung into the great battles on the Eastern front." What is here proposed would amount to a master scheme of land-air cooperation with the Russians on a massive scale.

The campaign must rest on a planned operation seeking complete and conclusive victory. It must not be conceived as a preliminary action, but as the knockout blow, justifying large investment of equipment and a far-reaching diversion to aviation of production now directed to other weapons. Desultory bombing without plan and without continuity cannot produce the result desired. Only a continuous scheme of destruction, based on a systematic reduction of communications centers, viaducts and bridges, shipyards, key fac-

tories, oil reservoirs and industrial aggregates, can defeat the enemy by making it literally impossible for him to carry on.

By bombing the canal system and oil barges which bring Rumanian oil to the reservoirs and dispersal points, and by simultaneously demolishing railway junctions and yards which control the traffic to the Balkans, the already strained German transport system would pile up in a hopeless jumble. The oil would not necessarily have to be destroyed. Merely the inability of the *Wehrmacht* to receive it would be sufficient to produce an identical result. The same is true in relation to all other commodities, whether raw stuffs or completed instruments of war. Here is the real Achilles heel of the complex German war system. Since von Moltke's spectacular victory at Königgrätz, communication and transport systems have been the foundation of all German operations on the continent.

A secondary series of targets are the power plants, factories and industrial centers themselves, to destroy the German armed strength at its source. This, however, is less desirable since it involves widespread operations, especially in view of the protective dispersal of Nazi industry. In strategic results,

it does not compare with piling up traffic and destroying transport and communications generally, which could quickly bring about the collapse of the whole German war economy.

If Hamm, the great railway junction which controls traffic routed through Western Germany to the Eastern front, were destroyed, it would in itself amount to a victory of some size. If the yards and warehouses of Mannheim, the railway center which regulates traffic to the south, were also blasted at the same time, the triumph would be of major value. A really heavy assault on the Ruhr, great industrial center of Germany, only 240 miles from Dover, would have a far-reaching effect on the outcome of the war. Berlin itself, only five hundred miles from Dover, represents an attractive target, the hub of many railroads and electric power stations, as well as a vital production center for heavy guns, radio equipment, aircraft and motors. If the same damage could be done here that the Germans did to Rotterdam, it would be the most significant victory of the war.

It is an axiom of air strategy that the more highly industrialized a nation is, the more vulnerable it is to overhead attack. Its great ganglia or nerve centers lie completely

exposed to the assault which even temporary control of the air over a target makes possible. If Germany held in its grip all of Europe, Asia and Africa, an attack on its vitals — that is, the industrial control points within Germany itself — if sustained, would loosen that grip automatically. With death at the heart, everything within the periphery would simply collapse. A little pellet no bigger than the first joint of your finger will bring down the biggest animal in the world, if you can draw a bead on him and hit him in the right spot.

The theory that wars can only be won by beating opposing armies to a pulp, or by occupying ground, must yield to an entirely new set of conditions. The Germans lost the last war while still standing on foreign territory at all fronts. Indeed, they almost won that war by the use of the submarine, which has no occupying ability whatsoever. The attempts to argue that air battles cannot obtain a decision because Hitler failed to do so in the Battle of Britain are silly. Any and every strategy fails if the defense is superior to the offensive brought to bear. There can be no doubt that the Nazi invaders were backward in both quality of equipment and tactics.

Moreover, I was told by military

men in England whose authority I must respect, that had the Germans been able to carry through for another ten days, and been willing and able to take the enormous losses they were suffering, England might have been forced to capitulate. The fact is that the Nazis had an inadequate air fleet for the task they assumed, and were unable to accept their losses and continue. Even an unconditional surrender by Britain, had the issue been forced, might have left Hitler with a skeleton air arm, and hence helpless against Russia in the East if the Muscovite giant had chosen that moment in which to leap. The Germans could not afford a victory in the British Isles at the risk of losing air command over the continent.

The huge aerial task force, toward whose final creation our productive capacities would be turned, would strike with much the same tactics as a naval squadron uses, modified by the addition of a third dimension and greatly increased mobility. At its core would be the fast, heavy, possibly unarmed bomb carriers delivering lethal loads of fifty tons or more. These would be flanked by flying machine guns, and artillery platforms equipped with three- and six-inch guns, interceptors and long-range fighters

of great firepower and maneuverability. Lighter and medium-sized bombers, capable of carrying five to twenty tons each of effective load, heavily armored and with strong firepower of their own, would fly in convoying echelons. Having dropped their charges of explosives, these smaller bombers would become fast and formidable fighters.

The entire fleet would come in at high altitudes, in formations designed to offer maximum protection to the principal bomb carriers at its center. When the target is reached, the squadron would break formation and the tactics of attack would begin. While the principal bombers made for the major objective, the medium and lighter craft would attack the secondary targets.

A typical squadron could be made up of about 140 fighter and interceptor planes with a range equal to the task before them, heavily armored on all vital surfaces and possessing the superiority in firepower essential for temporary control of the air over the site of operations. Fast single-seaters, working in coordination with big two-engine fighters carrying heavy cannon, would dart in and out of position in a tactical scheme calculated to cover the operations of the superbombers at the center and to protect all "blind spots" by maneuver.

In a hypothetical formation, there would be ten such bombers, each carrying fifty tons or more of useful load; fifty medium bombers carrying twenty tons each, and a hundred light bombers carrying five tons per machine. This would provide an approximate load of two thousand tons of annihilating fury for a single raid. Such a devastating barrage of demolition would cut any possible series of targets into ribbons, leaving nothing standing and nothing alive in its path.

The effect of such assaults may be compared with the German raids on London, where no more than two hundred to five hundred tons of bombs were unloaded, none of them larger than two thousand pounds; or with the assault on Coventry, where no more than nine hundred tons were dropped and which reduced that important little city to a mass of ruins in two nights. Those who underestimate the effectiveness of bombing on the basis of the British experience should remember that we have seen only the beginnings of the process.

There is reason to believe that a ten-ton bomb, at which the peak of efficiency is reached, would topple buildings within a radius of five miles. And it is entirely conceivable that the shatter-power of such a charge could be wickedly increased

by the addition of rocket propulsion, or the perfection of any one of the number of processes now being studied in laboratories all over the world. Raids involving such monster demolition bombs, followed by a thorough broadcast of incendiaries, will reduce any city or industrial settlement to rubble.

This is the nature of the offensive which we are in a position to undertake, sooner and far more effectively than Germany possibly can, provided we exploit the advantage of the base in England while our opportunity yet remains.

#### IV

The difficulty and the cost of preparing a program of this magnitude cannot be denied. But recall the difficulty and the cost of implementing any part of the vast rearmament program now in preparation! There is certainly nothing minor in the effort to create a mass army of seven million men fully equipped and mechanized, nor in the great shipbuilding projects, nor in the construction program for aviation to be used as an auxiliary to the ground forces.

The whole business comes down to measuring tasks and determining where, with the time equation in view, the greatest value can be se-

cured. The proposed air offensive is intended to carry the main burden of the war effort, with all other forces playing largely contributory roles. If the kind of air armada and losses in equipment suggested here sound prohibitive, consider the fact that German artillery on the Eastern front probably uses 250,000 rounds a day — 1250 tons in dead weight. To this must be added the ammunition used by the *Wehrmacht* of .50 caliber and smaller in machine guns, sub-machine guns, automatic rifles and sidearms, which amounts to some two million rounds a day; and of trench and rifle mortars, hand grenades and land mines — some four hundred thousand units per day, averaging about two pounds each.

In absolute quantities, the aerial offensive may seem of inordinate dimensions. Compared to other forms of attack, it is really small. The investment in lives is minor by contrast. What is more, an assault on this grand scale would be a matter of only a few weeks, or months at the most, whereas ground campaigns may continue at the same steady gait for years on end.

Naturally, the scope of the attack and the tactical possibilities which present themselves can be discussed here only in bold outline. There are many variations and re-

finements of technique which have already suggested themselves to minds occupied with mature consideration of the problems involved. There is no reason, for instance, why there should not be a transfer to purely aerial operations of ground-air cooperation tactics. The prospect is by no means bizarre. Just as dive-bombers precede the main attack to put out opposing artillery, special types of bombing and assault planes could precede the storming armada of the air in order to silence the ground artillery and ack-ack guns. It may be taken for granted that there is no type of ordnance which cannot be immobilized for at least a short space through a concentration of forces and a readiness to write off initial losses as a justifiable sacrifice.

The whole procedure as sketched here has assumed that a general command of the air over Germany is not attained, that the attacks would be in the nature of continuous raids involving a seizure of local and temporary control against defending aviation. It therefore errs undoubtedly on the side of conservatism. There is the likelihood that complete rule of the skies over Germany can be achieved. At that point, the war would be over, with formal acknowledgment of



the fact only a matter of time. With air fields and airdromes erased, the *Luftwaffe* eliminated, Germany would be an inert target for leisurely destruction, no matter how large and well equipped its armies. In this case, of course, the bases of the *Luftwaffe* itself would have been the primary targets, once the United Nations were in sufficient strength to attempt such a coup.

The offensive, as already indicated, must be launched without delay, at the cost of sacrifices in other arenas of conflict, while Germany is inextricably engaged in the East. However, it must not be assumed that were Russia to cease fighting for any reason, that the aerial attack need be interrupted. Quite the contrary — it should then be pursued with greater fury than ever. The experiences in Crete and Holland prove that it would be relatively easy for paratroops and air-borne infantry to take over key points once the enemy has been softened up and his will to continue demoralized.

Once psychological deterioration sets in within a highly organized industrial society, its strength as a cohesive unit is finished. A whole city can be taken under these circumstances even though the army be intact, as when the little minority of the Bolsheviks

took over Leningrad in 1917, or when the handful of intellectuals who called themselves the “Young Turks” seized the government at Istanbul against the apathetic Sultan and his retinue. Here again the possibility of a savagely vindictive fifth column group, rising out of the residue of pre-Nazi Germany, may be relied upon as a cooperating element.

Unless we give them time to prepare for it, the German capacity to retaliate must remain limited. The small forces Hitler has been able to throw against the RAF have shown very little capacity to penetrate British fighter defenses without ruinous losses. The British Fighter Command, from all indications, is able to control the air over the British Isles almost completely. Not only would the devastating effects of our attacks pile up endlessly, but the psychological results — the sense of hopeless frustration, of being hammered without the ability to hammer back — would hasten the process of German defeat.

It is entirely within the capacity of the United States to implement an aircraft development of the proportions necessary to knock out Germany. We need only give first priority to the air forces on all

strategic raw materials, factory space, electric power and manpower.

To organize the program and handle it efficiently, the air force should be acknowledged as the chief attack weapon. Until the middle of last February, the only war equipment enjoying the highest priority rating (A-1-a) was for battleships. Other naval construction, tanks and related equipment, including trucks, rated next. Four-engine bombers had an A-1-b rating and all other types of combat planes were down at A-1-d. Aircraft engines, too, without which planes are useless, were on the list at A-1-d. Public opinion then forced a revision which put aircraft on a par with battleships in a so-called fluid relationship. The net result is that aviation factories are losing some of their most vital sub-contractors to producers of other weapons. The aircraft program, which began on a three-shift production schedule, had to fall back in February to one and a half shifts. Meanwhile, aluminum and other "deficit" materials essential to the construction of heavy bombers are still being absorbed by other types of war production.

Only the general recognition that an air offensive holds the key to victory can force a genuine

channeling of materials and energies to aircraft production. Once air power has the right of way, in conjunction with an air strategy directed against the seat of Axis power, Germany's fate will be sealed.

We have set ourselves for a two million-man air force, the world's largest, and it is planned to produce 185,000 airplanes this year and next. This would not necessarily constitute an air force of independent attack strength, but simply an Army and Navy cooperation force, useful enough in its place but quite different, involving a different organizational structure, widely different strategy, and even different types of planes.

It is with the view of smashing any such budding air offensive at its source that the Germans have concentrated on sinking oil tankers. They are known to be bending every effort on the production of torpedo-carrying aircraft and undersea boats which can suddenly be released in a pack to isolate England by slashing its supply lines. The Nazis are realists. They know that the Island of Britain is a dagger aimed straight at the heart of Germany, in the hand of the most potentially formidable nation on earth, the United States. They must knock the English out or be

knocked out themselves. They believe that the logic of our position will become so clear that we will inevitably undertake that aerial assault which must turn the dreams of Hitler and his General Staff into a series of nightmares.

The Nazis will give no advance notice when they lash out to cut the lifelines which now tie England to her sources of supply. It would be well for us to forestall this situation by the construction of great fleets of cargo planes (Colonel Royal B. Lord, Assistant Director of Operations of the Board of Economic Warfare, assures me that this is perfectly feasible). In addition to providing insurance against a surprise German action, it might be cheaper even than surface transport when the cost of convoys, sinkings, rapidity of transit, etc., is taken into consideration. Cargo planes could readily be built in yards and shops now devoted to shipbuilding and other types of construction, and could certainly be built to carry a useful load of 150 tons or more.\* These carriers

could operate on low-octane gas, or Diesel engines, and would be fashioned simply as a shell, with no armoring or unnecessary gadgets. A thousand or more miles from their ports, they could be met by escorting fighters. These cargo ships could be made of various types of molded materials, and would not dip heavily into essential metals.

Everything about the existing situation is providential for our use, a set of circumstances which plays directly into our hands if we possess the imagination and the will necessary to beat the hungry, upsurging legions of the Axis. We have a perfect base for short-range operations, right athwart the coasts of our major enemy. We possess the inventiveness, the skill, the industrial capacity and the freedom from counter-attack. As a magazine editorial recently put it: "The air is our street. We found it first and opened it to traffic. Air war is our war."

\*Loading capacity could be greatly increased by assisted take-off, or other technical advances now being studied, or even by conducting the major part of the fueling operation by air.



► *The Marines and his Bible class learn  
how to wrestle with the enemy from*

## DREXEL BIDDLE: GENTLEMAN TOUGH

By J. P. McEvoy

**I**F YOU should go to the big Marine training base at Quantico, Virginia, you would see Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, a courtly gentleman of 67, personally throttling hundreds of young huskies and being throttled by them, standing on guard by the hour in the dust and the sun as lusty young leathernecks come at him with bayonets and knives which he skillfully parries. Then you could watch him teach the deadly tricks of personal combat — the murderous technique of bayonet fencing and knife fighting, how to cut the opponent's hand and throat with one graceful move, how to slip a bayonet between the enemy's ribs so it won't stick.

Colonel Biddle has studied the refinements of rough and tumble fighting all over the world. Today, though a great-grandfather, he is erect, soldierly and vigorous, with more snap and endurance than many of the burly young recruits, scores of whom he overpowers in daily hand-to-hand training bouts.

The name Anthony J. Drexel

Biddle combines two of the oldest and starchiest Philadelphia families, but there has never been anything starchy or stuff-shirt about "Tony." As a child on the island of Madeira, he was fascinated by Portuguese playmates who carried knives in their belts and were proficient in handling them. Later, he went to school in Switzerland and Heidelberg, and came back to Philadelphia to attend St. Luke's private school, where his Old World manners and European courtliness were misunderstood by his American schoolmates. "I was too polite," says Colonel Biddle, "so I had to learn to fight."

He learned so well he finally became amateur heavyweight champion of the country. And, though of medium height and weighing less than 175 pounds, he held his own in sparring contests with all the heavyweight champions from John L. Sullivan to Gene Tunney.

In 1895, he met seventeen-year-old Cordelia Rundell Bradley, daughter of a Pittsburgh coal magnate, and fell madly in love with

her on sight. He went home and sent her an enormous bulldog — “with its teeth sticking out ferociously” — and a card attached saying, “This is from Tony Biddle, whom you just met.” Biddle arrived immediately after the dog, announced he had come to marry the frightened lass. She reports, “I didn’t dare refuse him.” They have lived happily together for forty-seven years, and have three children. Tony Biddle, Jr., also a famous athlete, was our ambassador to Poland when the German invasion came, and is now doing a delicate State Department job in London with the exiled governments of Nazi-conquered countries.

Young Biddle scandalized Philadelphia society by taking a job as a waterfront reporter on a local newspaper and later building a prize ring behind his house and boxing professional fighters just for the hell of it. He even seconded “Philadelphia Jack” O’Brien when he fought Stanley Ketchel and New York society gasped to read of a Drexel and a Biddle wearing gray shoes and an old sweater, swinging a towel in a prize ring.

Biddle also startled the Philadelphia blue bloods by a public exhibition of strength in which he would drive a two-foot broomstick into the earth, leave a few inches

exposed, and then yank the stick out with his teeth. “The Gentleman with the Iron Jaw” they called him. Then he completely baffled everybody by starting a Bible class in Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, on Rittenhouse Square. Here he preached a muscular Christianity that became so successful with the young folks that Drexel Biddle Bible classes eventually spread to Ireland, England, Scotland, Australia and South Africa. He used athletics on week nights to bait the young men, organizing teams of all kinds — but then would allow only good Bible students on the teams. Later, in the World War, he organized Bible classes back of the lines. “One of my best students,” he boasts, “was a quiet little 138-pound cockney who never said anything worse than ‘gracious!’, but he was the champion bayonet killer of the British Army.”

Colonel Biddle’s original Bible class, started by him nearly forty years ago, still meets every Sunday evening in the parish house in Philadelphia and the Colonel faithfully takes time out each week from teaching Marines how to kill with bayonets and bare hands to revisit his little flock, lead them in prayers and hymns and give them Bible lessons which are picturesque, to say the least.

The night I attended as his guest, I sat in a row of little old ladies. Their eyes shone with excitement and their cheeks glowed like winter apples as Colonel Biddle retold the story of the great General Joshua, and then automatically slid into a gory exposition of how fighters today are trained to cut and stab, kick, gouge and bite, and otherwise make themselves obnoxious to the enemy.

Then Colonel Biddle told the little old ladies and gentlemen of his Philadelphia Bible class about the famous Colonel Bowie, how he lay on his death bed and fought off nine Mexican Indians who were attacking him with tomahawks. Colonel Bowie reached under the pillow for his Bowie knife, which was always at hand, and killed seven of the Indians before he was overcome. "The Bowie knife is a wonderful weapon," Colonel Biddle told his hard-breathing Bible class. "It was born in mortal combat. Once, while fighting a duel, Bowie's sword broke off but he killed his opponent with what was left of the sword. He found he could get along just as well with half a sword, so he made a knife that long and combined, for the first time in history, fencing skill with knife fighting."

The little Bible class shivered

with excitement as Colonel Biddle now warmed up to his subject. "I went out west to the Colonel Bowie country and studied the Bowie knife. Previously, I studied the Spanish knife and every other kind of over-hand and under-hand knife fighting — but none of the knife fighters of these other countries ever learned the hand cut." And here Biddle graphically illustrated what he meant by taking the hymn book and fencing with it, showing how you shouldn't attack your opponent directly with the knife, but slash at his knife hand. "That's the first thing I teach a Marine," said Biddle, "then I teach him how to slash the knife hand and his opponent's throat with one continuous movement, like this."

It was easy to see that Colonel Biddle's Bible class had a unique charm of its own, and why many of its members tottered over every Sunday night to be there. Following his dissertation on knife fighting, the Colonel dipped into the New Testament and retold the story of Christ driving the money changers out of the temple. "Our Savior was a fighter," said Biddle, proudly but reverently. "He didn't call for the guards, he rolled up his sleeves and did the job himself. Personal combat!" And with that,

Biddle was back with the Marines, explaining the subtle refinements of bayonet fighting to his palpitating Bible students. "You hold your gun sideways like this, you see," illustrating with the hymn book, "then the bayonet can be slipped in between the ribs and can be pulled out again without sticking." The little old lady beside me nodded admiringly. It seemed highly logical to her and besides, if Colonel Biddle said so it must be so, for where else could you find such a combination of piety and soldierly ability? And such manners, too, such Old World charm. "What a lovely red dress you are wearing this evening," said Colonel Biddle gallantly to the little old lady sitting beside me, and then passed down the line to distribute more posies to his tremulous flock. "My, he is such a gentleman," cooed the little old lady.

Which may have been one of the reasons Colonel Biddle had such a hard time making up his mind about his vocation in life. At various times, he tried being a scientist, an explorer, a concert singer, a poet and a publisher. He played tennis of tournament caliber, was president of the Philadelphia Fencing Club, an instructor in broadsword, organized the Drexel Biddle Social Workers, and was the first

president of the Baby Welfare Association. In his spare time, he was publisher for his friend, Bob Fitzsimmons, who wrote *Physical Culture and Self-Defense*, and later Biddle himself wrote and published several unsung masterpieces entitled, *The Froggy Fairy Book*, *The Flowers of Life*, and *Shanty Town Sketches*. It was also Biddle who made prizefighting "smart," promoting professional bouts which introduced the evening dress mob to the fight crowd. When the gorgeous Georges Carpentier came over in 1921 to fight Jack Dempsey for the title, it was "Tony" Biddle who boxed him in an exhibition contest. The ring was set up in the Hotel Commodore ballroom and was completely surrounded by top hats and tiaras, white ties and orchids.

At the outbreak of World War I, Biddle organized the Philadelphia Military Training Corps, credited with training more than five thousand young men for military service in camps, which later became the model for Plattsburg. Early in 1917, he quietly enlisted in the Marines as a private and went overseas. He soon won his captaincy, was later promoted to major, and retired in 1919. In 1926, he was recalled to active service by the Marines to train

exhibition personal combat teams invited to perform as part of the Sesquicentennial. Biddle not only taught these teams, but engaged in the hand-to-hand fighting himself.

Among those who were impressed was the Philadelphia Chief of Police, who asked Biddle if he would teach his police force some of the Marine tricks of self-defense. "One policeman a week is being killed in this town," he told Biddle. Biddle took over the job and taught eight thousand policemen how to take a knife or a gun from an armed thug, and a few of the essential subduing and come-along tricks of Judo. The death rate of Philadelphia cops fell appreciably, and then the FBI became interested. Biddle, who loved his work, started teaching the G-men — and he still does — all he knows about handling the most desperate characters. And that is plenty, for Biddle has made a hobby of studying methods of self-defense used by the cleverest police of all nations.

"I spent a month going around the Apache quarters of Paris with one plainclothes detective," says Biddle. "This fellow carried no arms — all he needed to capture the toughest knife-wielding Apache was a short piece of string."

When I looked incredulous, the dignified Colonel Biddle rose from

our table in the middle of the staid and proper Bellevue-Stratford dining room and said, "Come at me with a knife." "You mean here?" "Why not?" said Colonel Biddle. Why not indeed? I picked up a table knife and went for Colonel Biddle. Quick as a cat he was behind me, his napkin tightly twisted around my throat. "That's what I mean," he murmured as my face turned a delicate black.

Later, we were discussing Marine tricks in the lobby. "Here," he said, "is a sure way of defending yourself even if you are on your back and the other fellow is standing over you with a bayonet." Colonel Biddle dropped on the floor in front of the desk and stretched out. "Come," he invited, "stand over me. You've got a bayonet. Stick me and grunt." I didn't grunt. I groaned, for Colonel Biddle hooked one foot behind my left heel and at the same time kicked my left knee viciously. He could easily have broken my leg.

Biddle has always scorned the use of scabbards and insisted that Marines come at him with bare knives. His arms are a mass of scars and his fingers are gnarled and crooked where they have been broken. But it is hardly to be expected that Colonel Biddle, at



sixty-seven, can always get away from bayonets and bare knives in the hands of enthusiastic young Marines. A few weeks ago, he was stabbed in the groin and laid up in the hospital for a week. Now the authorities insist that he use scabbards, which annoys the old boy no end.

For Biddle's most important contribution to Marine fighting is the adaptation of his skill as a fencer to the use of the bayonet. Also, since the Marine has been called upon to serve in many knife-fighting countries (in Asia, Europe, Central America, Africa and South America the knife is the chief fighting weapon), Biddle perfected a technique of using the bayonet as a knife. The practical value of the Biddle training has been officially attested by two Marines who, caught with their bayonets in their belts by a force of twenty machete fighters in Nicaragua, successfully hand-cut their way to safety.

Biddle's officially endorsed *Manual of Instructions on Individual Combat* for the Marines is called *Do or Die*, and is subtitled "Showing Advanced Science in Bayonet, Knife, Ju Jitsu, Savate and Boxing for Those Whose Duties May Lead Them into a Tight Spot." Tucked away under the polite heading of

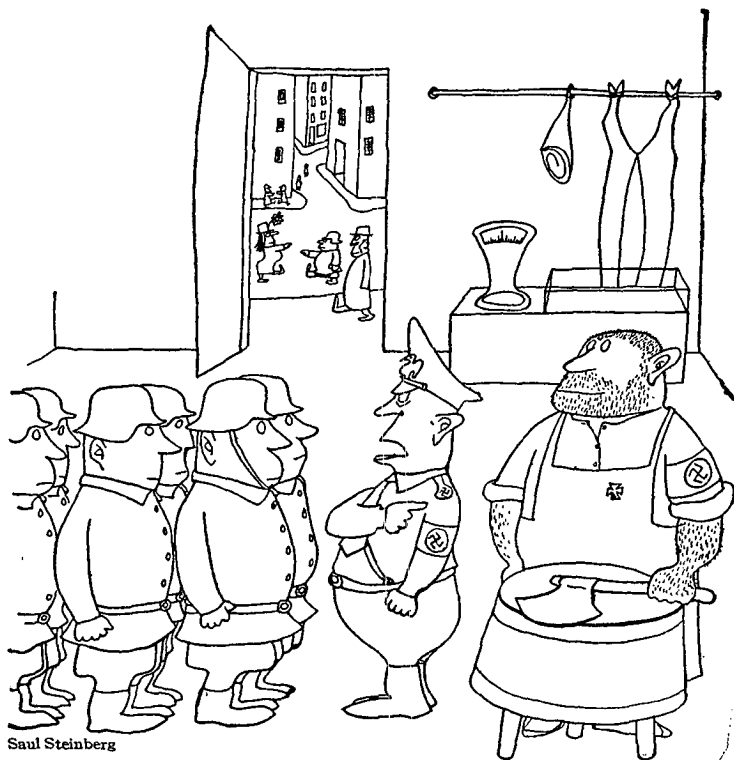
"Defendu," there are cute little tricks called "Eyes Out" and "Break the Windpipe," as well as certain exercises with the foot and knee better imagined than described. "Remember," he purrs in comforting tones on page 67, "you are never defenseless."

You might think there is small use in modern warfare for such intensive training in personal combat, but curiously enough, as modern war becomes more mechanized and impersonal, it also becomes more concentrated, more individualistic. Shock troops attacking on a hundred-mile front break down at the point of attack to individual teams of two men, specially trained to knock out pillboxes. In actual combat, the battalion breaks up into companies over which there is no immediate control and these companies quickly disintegrate into platoons and squads, finally deteriorating into a *melée* of desperate individuals. It is conceded by the Marines themselves that the one individual who has done more than anyone else to teach them how to kill with bayonet, knife or bare hands is Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

History has an intriguing way of making a full circle, like a dog biting his tail. The father of the Marine Corps, Major Samuel Nicho-

las, was a fighting Quaker, "full of piety blended with fiery Old Testament love of battle." Back in 1775, he instructed his recruiting officers to accept no candidates for the Marines except those "of dependable and religious nature, combined with proper robustness of body."

One hundred and sixty-seven years later, a pious Episcopalian Bible class teacher and a fighting Philadelphia blue blood is a Colonel on active duty with the Marines, said duty consisting of teaching them how to be the most efficient and expert killers in World War II.



*"Herr Loesch will talk to you about the conduct of German soldiers in occupied countries."*

- *Americans must not underrate the  
Falangist tools of the Axis.*

## FRANCO INVADES LATIN AMERICA

BY BRYCE OLIVER

IT WOULD be frivolous to assume, because all Latin-American nations except Argentina and Chile have now broken with the Axis powers, that the danger of pro-Axis surprises south of the Rio Grande has been canceled out. On the contrary, this is the crisis period toward which long years of totalitarian intrigue and propaganda have been directed. There are forces in the leading southern republics designed and nurtured for the specific purpose of overthrowing governments at a given signal, seizing invasion bridgeheads, and shattering the network of support for the United Nations which has been woven in Washington.

In February, President Alfredo Baldomir of Uruguay was compelled to establish dictatorial rule in order to carry out his government's commitments to the United States in the face of opposition from a pro-fascist minority headed by Senator Luis Alberto de Herrera. In Quito, Ecuador, the police had to be called out to suppress stormy student demonstrations

against settlement of the old boundary dispute with Peru, in Peru's favor — under pressure, as the demonstrators charged, of North America. These are merely examples of the pressures which prevail under the surface unity established by the United States diplomatic victory at the Rio de Janeiro conference.

The phase of the threat which has been largely ignored by Americans stems from Spain, rather than from Germany and Italy. The senior partners, indeed, are content to operate through their Spanish associate, who provides them a more natural and more "spiritual" approach to the mass mind of Spanish America. The German and Italian diplomats and agents now assembled in the more hospitable atmosphere of Argentina left behind them in the other republics a movement more dangerous to the hemisphere than anything they themselves were able to organize among their sympathizers.

That movement is the Latin-American extension of the Spanish

Falange (Phalanx), General Franco's equivalent of Hitler's Nazi Party, the full grandiose title of which is *Falange Española Tradicionalista y Junta Offensiva Nacional Sindicalista*. Founded in 1932, after the establishment of the republican régime in Spain, its aim was to reconquer the country for the big landowners, the Church and the Army. It thereafter became the main repository for all sorts of reactionary forces. Just as Hitler's party exploits the word "socialist" for mass appeal, so its Hispanic counterpart exploits the word "syndicalist." The "tradicionalista" part of the name reflects a crossing of the new fascist phalanx with the old reactionary strains represented by the Carlist Traditionalists, who were too medieval even for Alfonso's monarchist régime; they have sought the restoration of absolutism and the Inquisition, among other things.

Well before Franco's victory, the Falangist movement was transplanted to the Americas, where it flourished in the soil of local fascism, "pure white" racial ideas and old resentments against the Colossus of the North. Too many American observers have discounted this Hispanic movement because of its extravagance. Why become alarmed over a propaganda whose avowed

aim is restoration of the Spanish Empire as of Philip II, and the "spiritual return" of its lost provinces overseas, including Mexico, Puerto Rico, Cuba, California, Texas, Florida, the Philippines?

It was with the same sort of smugness that foreigners, and too many Germans, discounted the Nazi upsurge because of its extravagant half-lunatic racist and social pretensions. Unfortunately, the very romanticism of the enterprise has touched impressionable Latin Americans who would not have responded to a straight Nazi appeal. We need not undervalue the potency of this oath, taken by every government official, soldier and "trade union" member in *Caudillo* Franco's realm:

I pledge allegiance to God, Spain, Franco and our National Syndicalist Revolution; to serve my country above anything else, and to fight unhesitatingly for the material and spiritual reconquest of our Lost Empire, for the creation of a Spain United, Great and Free, which has been given us by the victorious sword of our glorious *Caudillo*.

The Falangist ideal envisages world unity of the Spanish peoples, bound together by common culture, language and religion. Barring the path to this consummation, the Falange tells Latin America, is tyrannical United States.

More recently, the villain has been expanded to include all "Anglo-Saxon imperialists" and the German-Italian bloc has been pictured as the understanding patron of all Hispanic aspirations.

Numerically, the overseas Falange is not too impressive. Even extreme conservatives relish the idea of returning to the "bosom of the *patria*," as little as American Tories might relish the idea of becoming a British dependency. Moreover, the imported Falange runs up against considerable native competition. Aside from the conspiratorial Nazi and Fascist organizations among Latin Americans of German and Italian extraction, there are more or less indigenous fascist movements such as the Integralistas of Brazil, the Vanguardia Socialista Popular of Chile, and the Mexican Sinarchists. These all dream of *caudillos* of their own, not of subservience to Franco.

Nevertheless, the Falangist propaganda has made great strides. Built upon the emotion of racial pride, it has appealed strongly to the aristocracy and to cultured religious mystics, and has infiltrated small but exceedingly influential circles in the Spanish nations. In part, the movement is touched by a religious fanaticism so deeply and emotionally Spanish that

North American Catholics cannot understand it. Clerical adherents of the crusading race mysticism are bitter about the "apathy" of North American priests on this matter. The propaganda has also penetrated to labor groups, which are taught to blame their economic troubles on "London and Wall Street," and to students aroused by fascist professors and instructors in the great sectarian universities.

The Falange Front has the advantages of plenty of financing and generous Axis support. It is an intrinsic part of Hitler's grand strategy of world conquest. It is evident that Franco must soon attempt to put on the pressure in the Western hemisphere with these purposes in view: first, to stir discontent throughout Latin America to prevent unity; second, to divert American war effort by provoking United States intervention; and third, to facilitate actual seizure of territory by Axis forces as advance bases against "the Colossus of the North." The Falange is his most important instrument.

## II

Under the guise of a romantic crusade, the Falange Front means business. It has money, weapons and potent political allies in high

places in all the Spanish nations. Whatever its cultural disguises, and despite the cloak of piety thrown over its activities by clerical support, the leading strings are in the



*El Candillo*

Foreign Office in Madrid, which in turn operates under the hard-fisted dictation of Germany.

Falange headquarters in Franco's capital addresses Latin America in the tones of authority. At the time when the granting of air and naval bases to the United States was under discussion, a Madrid

broadcast warned the American nations that they had no right "to dispose of or mortgage any part of the physical or metaphysical patrimony created by the Spanish people," and that their laws and constitutions were sovereign only insofar as they agreed with the "law and the spirit" of the race.

American observers were first made aware of the importance of the movement while attending the Havana Conference in July 1940. They were startled out of their Monroe Doctrine complacency when the Argentine delegate, Dr. Leopoldo Melo, maneuvered the United States into accepting serious restrictions on a declaration of solidarity. More important, they began to notice that secret discussions at Havana had an odd way of turning up in the columns of the Madrid *Arriba*, official organ of the Falange Español, where it was used as fuel for the fiery anti-United States editorials.

This "pipeline to Hitler," as the leakage of information was called by some delegates, was soon traced to its source. The source turned out to be José Ignacio Rivero, director of the Havana *Diario de la Marina*, most powerful daily in the Caribbean. The paper is owned by José's brother, Count Nicolas Rivero, a warm friend of Franco's, a citizen of

Spain as well as Cuba, and several times Cuban Minister to the Holy See. Though the Count has a long record of enmity against the United States, he had no trouble getting his brother José appointed secretary of the Havana Conference.

Investigation showed that José, and occasionally the Count, hurried from conference sessions to join a small group of influential businessmen and politicians. These met daily in the home of General Riestra, a recent arrival from Spain. Riestra was soon identified as the Cuban chief of the Falange, then being energetically organized throughout the Caribbean. He was later appointed Franco's Consul General for the island republic, but has since been expelled from Cuba.

Riestra was apparently convinced of an imminent Axis conquest — a raid on his residence uncovered 110,000 Falangist medals. More than medals, however, was found in the search. One item was a carbon copy of a requisition upon the Franco government to send military equipment for five thousand men, as well as five bombers, three armed vessels and numerous anti-aircraft guns.

In November, following the Havana gathering, a *Consejo de Hispanidad* (Council of Hispanicism) was created in Madrid, as the Span-

ish counterpart of the Nazi organization for work among Germans abroad. Swiftly and with remarkable effectiveness, it began linking up the activities of all individual Falangist organizations in Latin America, paying particular attention to the countries bordering upon the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. All Latin Americans who still had relatives in Spain were invited to join — or else! (A familiar Nazi device.) The movement caught on among some upper-class snobs pathologically proud of being *blanco puro*, without Indian or negroid admixture. A good many struggling local fascists plunged into the main stream.

Subsequent raids in Cuba, Mexico and Panama disclosed that some 250 Falange branches had been established on this side of the Atlantic prior to the formation of the *Consejo*. These included seventy in Cuba, fifty-seven in Argentina, thirty-five in Chile and four in the Philippines. In Puerto Rico, our State Department discovered that the Falange had given impetus to an "independence" movement pledged, illogically, to allegiance to Spain. The whole enterprise has grown under the guidance of the new Council of Hispanicism, hopeful modern version of that old Council of the Indies through

which Spain once controlled almost all of the New World.

The modern Council is dominated by German brains. At its head stands Serrano Suñer, Franco's brother-in-law, Foreign Minister and contact man with Hitler. The ostensible separation between the Spanish Government and the Falange movement is about as convincing as the separation between the Soviet Government and the Third International. On occasions when the Falange activities went a little too far for some Latin-American governments, Franco's diplomats have blandly disclaimed responsibility. Once the *Consejo* itself was obliged to make a disclaimer of territorial ambitions. All it seeks on the American side of the ocean, the Council explained, is "intelligence and love." This idyll was amplified by the Madrid *Arriba*. The claims of Falangist Spain, it wrote, are only "to defend the rights of our brother nations" and to restore the prestige of Spanish culture in America. It did not explain the role of bombers and anti-aircraft guns in the resurgence of Hispanic culture.

There is no more room for doubt that *Hispanidad* has taken root in circles where the Nazis could not hope to enter. Government officials and members of the ruling classes

have been publicly accused of working with the Falange, and occasionally have been caught red-handed. In Costa Rica, for example, President Calderon Guardia came under heavy fire for dealing with one Colonel Garruca, a high military emissary from Franco. The anti-fascist press in Central America and the Caribbean countries has revealed also the extent of Franco's infiltration through the Church. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Madrid has launched a Superior Council of Spanish Religious Missions Abroad and Falange spokesmen regard this as a step toward spreading what they euphemistically call "Spanish unity." It is estimated that some eight thousand pro-Franco clerics reached Central American and Caribbean countries during 1940 alone. It is from them that great masses of common people receive their guidance in Hispanicism.

But *Hispanidad* is not the sole commodity exported by Franco's Spain. Riestra's requisition for military supplies in Cuba coincided with reports reaching Washington that such supplies had already been sent to other countries. Two ships, laden with guns, ammunition and men, were reported to have discharged cargoes at a small, remote port in the southern coastal



province of Tacna, Peru. Some of this material is believed to have found its way into Chile. The principal cargo of one ship consisted of airplanes and parts which had been used by the Nazis in the Spanish Civil War. Three other Spanish ships were apparently able to reach a port in Guatemala. There they were met by Nazi and Franco agents, who arranged to have the cargoes transshipped to the State of Chiapas, Mexico, hard by the Guatemalan border, where German interests are substantial. All five ships were reputedly filled with army officers serving Franco's government. These deployed through Mexico, Central America and South America to participate in the Falangist crusade.

### III

The fantastic Juan March, international "fixer," looms in the background of the Falangist movement in the Americas. The career of March has been piratical from the very start. He amassed millions overnight, during the first world war, by organizing a refueling station on the Balearic Islands for Germany's submarines. After the war, these millions were pyramided several times by manipulation of franc-peseta exchange, an operation

in which the Spanish royal family was permitted a generous share.

His first contact with Latin-American affairs, however, waited for the Spanish Civil War. At that time, March took the Count of Paris, pretender to the French throne, into one of his munitions enterprises in Switzerland. The Count's wife is the Brazilian Braganza princess, Isabel Marie Amelie, whose brother, Don João, is pretender to the Braganza-Orleans throne of Brazil. This interest in the restoration of the French, Spanish and Brazilian royal families smoothed March's path in London, where he was able to enlist powerful financial and political support for the Spanish fascist revolution. This was done with money printed in England, backed by March assets.

As a reward, the victorious Franco gave March full power over Spain's mercury monopoly. The proceeds of this monopoly were then applied to pay off Franco's obligations to Germany and Italy. March quadrupled the price of mercury, which is essential to the manufacture of explosives, and was thus able to force Britain — and to some extent the United States — to nourish their own enemies. March continued to serve the *Caudillo* in other ways. In particular, he helped to finance Franco's ex-

pandering dream of empire by establishing commercial agencies all over the Western Hemisphere. These served as an outlet for turning jewels looted by Hitler's armies into cash, and as points of sustenance for Falangist organizations. Exposure of these agencies followed the seizure of one of March's ships, the *Isle de Teneriffe*, in the harbor of New York. The cargo included sufficient equipment to build fifty powerful radio transmitters. American investigations of March's devious manipulations finally led to the temporary detention of some of his agents here.

Local contributions, of course, add greatly to the financial resources of the Falange. Several thousand Spanish businessmen in Mexico are known to have paid regular sums to the treasury of Augustus Ibañez Serrano, Mexico's Falangist chief. The extent to which contributions have been voluntary and under threat of harm to hostages in Spain can only be guessed at. Banking pressures on business houses, utilizing powerful German financial interests, also account for some of the pay-off.

At least until Mexico's break with the Axis, Serrano expended his funds under the direction of Hans Hellerman, Mexican Nazi agent. Hellerman had learned the

technique of intrigue at Hamburg, served as chief of the Nazi forces in Spain during 1934 and 1935, and after a period in Berlin as head of the party's Spanish department, was transferred to Mexico. As a matter of fact, practically all of Franco's agents in the Hispanic republics act under direction of Nazi agents who have gone first of all to Hamburg for instructions in the science and arts of subversion.

These Hamburg-trained unofficial diplomats poured out a steady supply of propaganda, largely in the form of acute and well-aimed lies about the United States. Latin Americans have been told daily, year after year, that Yankee imperialism is on the loose again, and that the salvation of their countries depends on a rebirth of Hispanic culture under the protection of a victorious Axis.

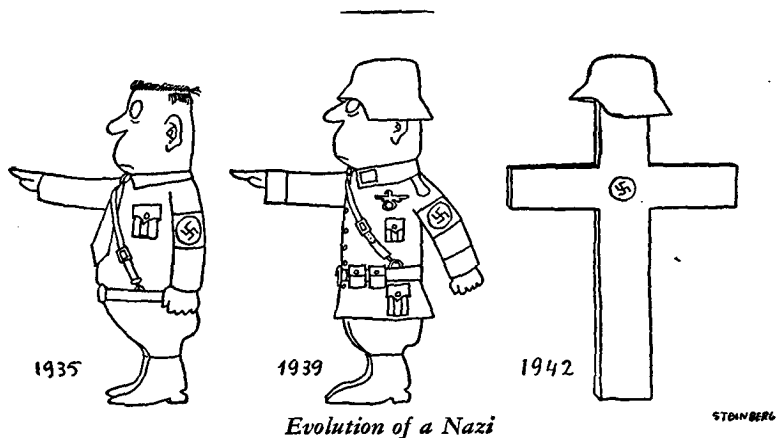
Under all the grandiloquent Falangist talk of spirit and culture is the design of Nazi military preparations. The totalitarian plans are discernible under the verbiage. In Brazil alone, it has been estimated, the Axis could mobilize a force in excess of 500,000 men, all fully equipped with war materials; this aside from the large Japanese contingent in the State of São Paulo. The same estimates place about 250,000 potential armed men in Argentina,

thirty-two thousand in Chile, ten thousand in Paraguay and from two to five thousand each in Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Cuba, and Uruguay. North of the Panama Canal, there are at least fifteen thousand disciplined Nazis, the majority of them in Guatemala and Costa Rica. Mexico is believed to have a potential force of fifteen thousand Nazis, under experienced officers who served in European campaigns.

Despite the severance of Axis relations, the Latin-American governments have not really cracked down on the fifth columnists. Nazi leaders walk the streets of Mexico, which was the first to break off with the Axis. The real boss of Brazil is still Dr. Francisco Luiz da Silva Campos, Minister of both

Justice and Interior and author of that country's totalitarian constitution of 1938. In a book on government, Campos has stated that "parliamentary institutions in political life today are nothing more than garbage, destitute of any spiritual content or significance." Behind Campos are influential Brazilians who believe, with Juan March, that Hitler's New Order will mean restoration of a Bourbon in France and a Braganza-Orleans in Portugal and Brazil.

There is every reason why the United States, and anti-Axis governments to the south, should take the Falangist movement in utter seriousness. The "go" signal, for which its forces are waiting in every Latin-American country, may flash at any time.



## THE MIRACLE OF SWITZERLAND

BY ANITA DANIEL

SWITZERLAND is the only area of freedom in all of enslaved Europe. But it is a tense, uneasy freedom, self-conscious to the point of nerves. A Swiss doctor summed up his country's psychological condition in this way: "Take a family of six children where five of them have the measles. The sixth child is still in good health. But you don't feel sure about him. You take his temperature every day and several times a day. His health is the more precious because you know he may be down with measles, too, without warning."

Tiny in space, grand in character, this little island of neutrality stands firm against nearly overwhelming propagandas, threats and doubts. An ocean of destruction washes blackly against its borders. Warplanes cut its skies. Blackouts quench the life of its cities. The whole national economy aches with pressures in tender parts of its anatomy. Yet the Swiss are steadfastly determined to fight for this constricted freedom unto the last citizen — and nearly every man is

a soldier, whether or not he is in the army.

There is no William Tell bravado about this determination — no romantic delusions. On the contrary, the government and large portions of the population make unpleasant compromises with their conscience to placate snarling enemies and to eke out a national livelihood when commerce is possible only with the Axis. No one fools himself on the real quality of the neutrality. All the same, it appears to have occurred to no one to give up without a struggle.

Outwardly, of course, the country is as beautiful as ever. Neat trains — slower and more crowded, but as punctual as ever — roll through the mountains. The changes that have come to Switzerland are not yet apparent from train windows. Here and there travelers still glimpse patriotic festivities, the color of old folkways. The factories one passes are hard at work — the impression of prosperity spoiled by the awareness that the products go to Germany.

All in all, a strange, incommensurate political existence. Freedom caged and safe only as long as the bars of the cage hold fast.



In Geneva, the town that once held a record for the greatest number of private automobiles, there are no more cars on the streets. The innumerable gas stations stand dark and shrouded, reminders of those old, old days before 1939. One has to order a taxi the night before. Bicycles, nothing but bicycles. The inventive Swiss have transformed them into family cars, week-end trailers, and even trucks. Mothers cycle their children, their dogs and their market provisions in baskets fastened on the front. Young fathers contrive to ride their bicycles and wheel the baby's pram at the same time. Venerable professors cycle from the university to their suburban homes. And everyone worries chiefly how long this form of transportation will last: what will happen when the last tire has worn out.



Switzerland pays a high price for its fragile neutrality. The government is in a difficult position. It not only has to make continuous sacrifices in order to maintain the nation at all, but it must face

sharp criticism from the Swiss themselves, most of it aimed at the *Bundeshaus* in Berne, which is the White House of Switzerland. Berne, *canton des cantons*, was once just one of the country's twenty-two provinces. Now, reluctantly but indubitably, it has taken on autocratic manners. The reason is clear: there are Germans behind every door of the *Bundeshaus* and certain decisions must be made so quickly, so sharply, that they seem arbitrary. The government cannot complain aloud about its troubles, it cannot explain openly. It must bear its increasing unpopularity for the sake of peace. As for the people, they know only that they do not approve the new laws, the barrage of new instructions and new restrictions. It's not in the Swiss tradition.

The German Embassy in Berne has an official staff of about nine hundred people. There are also hordes of German students at all the Swiss universities. They have their own associations — a kind of German *Bund* — and it is no secret that they are expected to serve the Nazi cause among the infidels. But there are few signs of Nazi uniforms. On several occasions, when German officers in uniform came over the border from occupied France and appeared conspicuously

in Geneva cafes, they were politely asked to leave. The surface forms of neutrality, at least, are maintained.

Switzerland's bicameral legislature is not unlike the American Congress in structure. The upper chamber is composed of two representatives from each of the twenty-two cantons; the lower chamber is made up of 250 deputies elected on the basis of population. The President of the Swiss Confederation is elected for a one-year term out of the seven Federal Councillors, who are elected for four years. Today, this federal system is under attack by fascists inside and outside the country who want a totalitarian state. But the fascist idea has little chance of success unless it is forced on the country with bombs and bayonets. The Swiss sense of democratic participation in government is robust beyond the most democratic Anglo-Saxon nation. Not infrequently, laws submitted to popular vote bear the strong endorsement of all political parties and the whole press, but are nevertheless rejected.

This democratic sense, however, is tempered with a shrewd realism. The communist party as well as the fascist parties are suppressed and none of these groups is permitted to hold meetings. Yet known communist leaders are at large, and

certain well-known fascists ingratiate themselves socially and use their personal influence in behalf of the Axis.

The British legion in Berne is allowed to publish daily bulletins in three languages — German, French and English — and these bulletins are distributed freely to anyone who requests them. But they are not allowed to be displayed in hotels, restaurants or other public places. Foreign correspondents have access to Allied as well as Axis sources and have wide latitude in reporting to their home countries. Inevitably, Berne has become a place of echoes, of rumors compounded and confounded. This is true not only in regard to information for the outside world. In Switzerland itself, news and reports are habitually prefaced with, "I was told in Berne. . . ." or "It's said in Berne. . . ."

Despite German vigilance and Nazi invective at every sign of "unneutral" behavior, the Swiss press shows a high degree of courage and dignity, especially in the German-speaking part of the country. It is interesting to note that the whole so-called German Switzerland is deeply anti-Nazi, whereas French Switzerland is lukewarm in

its anti-Nazi feelings, reserving its heat for detestation of Bolshevism.

Leading Geneva and Lausanne papers, especially *Journal de Geneve* and *La Suisse*, often read as though they had been published in Vichy. Petain is their hero and the spirit of collaboration with the new masters of Europe pervades their editorial comment. As a reward, they enjoy wide circulation in unoccupied France. But these are exceptions. The press of Basle, Zurich, Lucerne and smaller towns speaks frankly, often too frankly for the comfort of the *Bundeshaus*, despite the constant threat of suppression. These papers continue to criticize every new concession to the German dictators. And more important, they print without inhibitions news from all over the country. In their columns, the hard-pressed Swiss find a sense of kinship with the democracies.

German displeasure over the refractory press is open and sometimes violent. Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* recently denounced Switzerland in the worst invective it could summon — as “the reservation park of democracies” and a country of *Berg-Semiten*, mountain Jews. The Swiss refused to accept these descriptions as insults. The Swiss also know that a popular Nazi song runs in this wise:

*Die Schweiz die ist ein Stachel-  
schwein,*

*Die nehmen wir zum Dessert ein.  
Dann geh'n wir in die weite Welt  
Und holen uns den Roosevelt.\**

On which the German Swiss remark that only in *ersatz* Germany would it be possible to consider porcupine as dessert.



The threat of a German invasion has lost most of its terror. For one thing, the country has lived with it so long that it has become familiar.

Not that anyone doubts an invasion would be successful — in spite of the Swiss Army's excellent condition, and in spite of the ample opportunity for guerilla warfare in the mountains. Germany could do it, but the price would be high. Within a few minutes after invasion, the Gotthard and Simplon tunnels would be dynamited and it would take five years to reconstruct them. Through these tunnels, every fifteen minutes of every day and night in the year, passes a train loaded with German coal and other merchandise for Italy. Destruction of the tunnels would be an irreparable loss.

The morale of the Swiss soldier

---

\* Switzerland is a porcupine,  
We will take her as dessert;  
Then we'll go to the wide world  
And get us Roosevelt.

is very high, a fact partly due to the influence of the Army's commander-in-chief, General Guisan. It is an open secret that several too-peremptory demands from Germany have been energetically rejected by Guisan, when the civil government in Berne was ready to make concessions. The General enjoys great popularity, derived from his outstanding military ability, his humanitarian interest in the soldiers, and his great personal charm. In this deeply democratic country, where practically no publicity is given to any leader, General Guisan is the exception. There is scarcely a white wall in Switzerland without a picture of his strong, smiling face.



By comparison with the rest of Europe, Switzerland is an unbelievable paradise, yet life is no longer easy. The average Swiss before the war enjoyed a degree of comfort, ease, cleanliness, good food and good clothes beyond the rest of Europe, but now his traditional riches — milk, butter, cheese, chocolate — belong to Germany.

The moment cheese began to get scarce, even the least politically-conscious Swiss knew that something was wrong. Today there is no more real coffee, potatoes are rare and there is not enough butter or

fat to fry them anyway, and cheese is available only in the smallest portions, strictly rationed. Most stores still carry foreign canned food, but it is too expensive for the average family. Every month, the ration of noodles, rice and cereals gets smaller. Bread is not allowed to be sold fresh and it has deteriorated sadly in quality. Nearly all Swiss apples go to Germany and fruit and vegetables coming from France are very expensive. The beautiful, clean, laughing markets of Swiss towns are still a pleasure to the eyes, but the faces of Swiss housewives who buy in them are unhappy and grim.



Heating is a major problem. Hot water has become a luxury. A hot bath is now available only twice a month, and in some houses only once a month. There is no hot water for washing dishes and soap has become so scarce that all restaurants and households have begun using paper napkins. Electric stoves have been bought in such quantities that they are no longer available, and one is not allowed to use them freely because of a shortage of electric power due to lack of rain. Only one room in every apartment may be heated. Modern flats have lost all their attraction and old houses with



wood-burning stoves are sought eagerly.

Every night, beginning at ten o'clock, there is a deep blackout. The blackout is dangerous because it no longer distinguishes Switzerland from her neighbors at war, but Italy insisted on it so that the British fliers could not see their way. Night life has practically stopped. Still, cafes and cinemas are well attended. People find their way with the help of tiny, blue-shaded electric flashlights and few citizens complain. The Swiss are good sports.

About 65 per cent of the illustrated and other magazines come from Germany. A Nazi paper, meant for Germans living in Switzerland, appears weekly in Berne. But every Swiss listens three times a day to the British broadcasts in French. People do not openly comment on the news they hear, nor the news they read — a measure of self-protection willingly adopted by the whole population. Everywhere there are huge posters in three languages, warning the people not to discuss politics.

If the Swiss are discreet, the Germans and the fascist sympathizers are less so; small incidents often happen to anger the ordinary citizen. A short time ago, a German woman in a Zurich streetcar

wanted to pay her fare in German money. The conductor naturally refused to take it. The lady made a great noise and shrieked: "Wait a few weeks until we come! You will be happy then if we give you German money!"



The International Red Cross has its headquarters in Geneva, in rooms growing daily too small for its tremendous task. It is overwhelmed with work. Millions of letters are piled up, awaiting replies, and they reflect all the incredible misery of this war. Organized to help wounded soldiers and prisoners of war, the Red Cross must now help a whole humanity wounded by conflict. The present organization, with its great number of volunteers, is by no means sufficient. Efforts are underway to break with old traditions and to reorganize by employing first-rate salaried workers, who are urgently needed.



Switzerland, the traditional country of refuge, does not dare to claim the title any more. To avoid further German pressure, the Swiss try to get rid of all refugees who can get into other countries. At the present time, there are said to be about 4500 refugees in Switzerland.

In the beginning, the old tradition of hospitality was still strong and the Swiss were anxious, as they are still, to avoid injustice, but the countless people without passports or papers grew to be an embarrassing problem. About two years ago, labor camps were arranged for foreigners. They were meant for foreigners without means, but now the wealthy and the penniless alike are sent to these camps, where they construct roads and do other kinds of hard physical labor. The camps are meant to be a preparatory school of emigration. They are filled with young and old, intellectuals and craftsmen, boys and fathers of families. Injustices cannot be avoided.

Every refugee, whatever his age or status, has to prove that he is making every possible effort to get out of Switzerland. His permit is called a "Permit of Tolerance," and is renewed every three months, or every month in some cases. There is no exception even for foreigners who have lived for ten years or more in Switzerland, and who are able to support themselves. The official reason is that food is scarce, but everyone knows the real reason. Germany does not want Switzerland to keep refugees.

In most cases, Switzerland withstood the worst German pressure for extradition of political refugees. As long as an independent France existed, Swiss officials helped to bring endangered persons over the border every night. Switzerland is now so keen on getting rid of her undesirables that she gives five hundred francs to those who have obtained an overseas visa but cannot pay for the journey. Money for this purpose is drawn mostly from a fund which is raised by a tax upon wealthy refugees.

At the present time, it is practically impossible for any foreigner who could be considered a refugee to get even a transit visa for Switzerland.

Despite annoyances, despite injustice, one's admiration for the Swiss — an admiration tinged with sympathy — grows. Amidst all the clamor and all the dangers, they remain true to themselves. Their democracy is not a surface thing. It has roots so deep that no bayonet can dig them up. One feels that the Swiss calm is not apathy but a consciousness of strength. And even the concessions to Germany have a dignity that dulls the edge of humiliation.

► *How do our conscript soldiers  
feel about the job they face?*

## THE NEW ARMY HATES PARADES

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

ON a cold, rainy, November morning in 1940, I stood down in the flat, piney woods section of Mississippi and watched the vanguard of the New American Army climb off a train and go marching down a muddy company street, past bare tent frames on which alleged carpenters were still working. The unit was a mixture of National Guardsmen and draft-anticipating volunteers. Irishmen, Jews, Italians, and just common mongrel Americans, most of them from pretty far over on the other side of the tracks.

I turned to the photographer who was with me and said: "Well, there they are. The Lost Generation all dressed up in Boy Scout suits. The CCC-ers, the NYA-ers, and the WPA-ers. The guys who came of age 'After Roosevelt,' and who've never known anything but confusion in America. Do you realize that most of them never had a regular job in their lives? They are the fellows who said they came to a banquet and couldn't find a seat; who've taken the oaths against

war; and who've swallowed goldfish to relieve their boredom. If that's not a motley, confused outfit, I don't know where you'd find one."

The photographer shook his head. "Ga-odd-dam," he said, slowly, "can you imagine those poor bastards going up against a Panzer Division! It'd be bloody murder."

Well, these poor, confused, and cynical children of revolution *are* going up against Panzer Divisions on a front that extends from Iceland to Australia and from Alaska to Timbuctoo. On them hangs the decision as to whether the world's blackout will be temporary or permanent. The Oxford oath-taker is roaring through the skies in a dive-bomber, and the kid from the CCC camp is snaking through a jungle with a tommy gun. These are the fellows the war caught unprepared, for they had learned to sneer at everything when suddenly they found that they had to believe in something enough to die for it. These are the fellows who were ordered out to fight for a civiliza-

tion whose bare buttocks the debunkers had turned up to the stars, and for a democracy for which no two groups could give the same definition.

You need to understand this New American Army on which so much depends. There are some things about it you won't like; but there's an honesty about it you will like. You need to know what the fellows think, and why they react as they do. They are different from any other fighting force in the world, and they are different from any other force which has ever done battle for America. Since that morning in Mississippi I have worked at trying to understand these fellows. I have photographed them, written about them, and visited them in a score of big camps. I've spent whole week-ends asking them questions and listening to their answers. I have written a book about one of them, and I give you my personal observations for what they are worth.

The New American soldier is a chap who prefers to think rather than to feel. He distrusts emotionalism, regards it as "blind," and he resents appeals to his emotions. His education — and he is by far the best educated soldier in the world — has been directed toward teaching him to think for himself,

to control his emotions, and to guide himself by reason. He has all the strengths and weaknesses of the thinking man. He, therefore, wants to fight this war, not as a grand adventure, not as a noble sacrifice for future generations, but as a "filthy mess" forced upon him by a stupid world leadership which allowed a Brute to grow until he was big enough to bash in America's back door.

Hitler and Hirohito can preach that war is a noble process and that the "warrior life" is the zenith of a man's ambitions, but the American soldier will have none of it. He prefers to regard war as an unreasonable process to be ended as quickly as possible, and he prefers to think of Army life as something to be "endured." He'll take his war raw, if you please, without red-white-and-blue cellophane wrapping.

One day last summer when morale was so low in the camps that there wasn't any, and most of the fellows were acting like bears with sore haunches, I sat in an officer's club with a major-general. "I can't understand it," he said to me. "In '17 the parade ground was a place where we built morale. A parade was the best tonic we had for morale. But look at it now. If I order a parade, the men gripe to high

heaven. They call it 'playing Boy Scout for the generals.' I just can't understand the way the guys are made up. You're about their age; maybe you can tell me."

"I believe I can," I answered. "The German Army is the best drilled army in the world, isn't it? And yet, were you ever in a theater when they showed a newsreel of the German Army marching and saluting and heiling? What happened? Every young fellow in the theater laughed like hell, didn't he? The young American's heart doesn't leap up when he beholds a marching column. He's here, not because he gets any kick out of playing soldier, but to get a dirty job done as soon as possible. When you put the right sort of gun in his hand and show him the objective, he'll take it."

I've never been able to see this "complacency" of the new American soldier as a weakness. I believe it's a strength. When Colin Kelly sighted the Jap battleship *Haruna*, I don't believe he experienced any great emotional cataclysm. He wasn't seized with any overpowering hate for Japs, nor with any surging desire to die for his country. He merely saw an "objective" which he had been trained to destroy. He had courage and cool efficiency. He went in to destroy

the objective with a determination born, not of emotionalism, but of intelligence. When he dropped his bombs, he got no thrill out of the fact that he blasted a hundred Jap bellies open. He was simply doing his job and removing a threat.

If there are degrees in heroism and human courage, I regard this as a higher type of heroism than the blind, mesmerized, emotional stab of the Jap soldier or the fatalistic, *nichevo* death of the Russian. Who is the brave man anyhow? The intelligent American who frankly fears death and wants to avoid it, and who has no particular hope for eternity; yet who coolly and without artificial stimulation goes out and risks death in order to destroy a threat to his way of life? Or the savage who whips himself into a frenzy and goes out to court death as the vehicle to transport him to the happy hunting grounds?

## II

Recently, wide circulation has been given to a letter written by a gentleman who bemoans the fact that he can't get himself "worked up" over this war. He's buying all the bonds he can, and he works at being an air raid warden, but he beats his breast and wishes-to-hell he could hate the Japs more fer-

vently. He urges somebody to start beating a drum and waving a flag so he can work up a lather.

I circulated this letter among a group of New Army men. It brought nothing but charitable smiles and wise-cracks. "I'll bet this poor dope is an old bottle-scarred American Legionnaire," one soldier commented. Before you charge the war off as lost because of this calloused reaction, you should know that this soldier comes from the oil fields around Bakersfield, California. He's twenty-five years old and a "cold potato," but he rides a tank, and his officers have no doubts about what he'll do when he goes into action. He'd much rather sleep than parade, and he looks bored as he stands up when the band plays *The Star-Spangled Banner* in a cafe. But I'll put my money on him when he tangles with Germans or Japs. "I'll bet the guy who wrote that letter would call his family around him and have prayer before he went out to shoot a mad dog," another soldier commented.

These are not smart-aleck remarks, for there are surprisingly few smart-alecks in the New Army. The boys are generally more serious than their fathers were, but they have a new conception of patriotism. They suffer from cyni-

cism, yes, and the debunkers have driven them to the extremity of realism, but they are not unpatriotic. I don't believe a "hate campaign" will be successful among American soldiers. I believe our bomber pilots will level Tokyo the first chance they get, but they'll experience no fiendish delight at killing thousands of people. American soldiers expect to live in a peaceful world with Japanese and Germans some day when leadership has been reconstituted and the world organized for peace.

Because the New Army insists on being guided by intelligence rather than emotion, it, of course, has no unquestioned, canonized Leaders like the armies of its enemies. The debunkers have taught the new soldier that every man pulls on his pants the same way; that George Washington had trouble with his false teeth and didn't really cut down the cherry tree; and that the good in all men is mixed with a lot of human cussedness and stupidity. The commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States is granted no exemption.

The President's family has given the New Army two of its most scalding epithets. The fat-rumped officer above a captain who is suspected of having gained his rank

by political shenanigans is referred to as "James" by the men; and the inflated second looey is no longer a "ninety day wonder." He's simply an "Elliott."

A few days ago one of my stargazing friends in New York said to me: "I don't believe any man could bring himself to enlist in the Army unless he has been devoted to Roosevelt."

"Why, you're crazy as hell," I told him gently. "About half the fellows in the New Army have been opposed to Roosevelt in the past, and many of them are 'Roosevelthaters.'"

I'm not convinced that this is a "tragic weakness" or that it's a "deadly parallel" with some condition that existed in France. The American people are a breed unto themselves. Let the German slaves die for their Führer and the Japs die for their Emperor, and let our British allies die for "king and country" if they like. But Americans are not going to die for "Roosevelt and country," or for any other Leader. Americans will be satisfied to die for their country, and for their right to fight among themselves. The day an American surrenders his right to criticize, even in the face of peril, this won't be America any more. The day an American Army begins worship-

ping some man as a god and neglecting to pull up his britches leg and laugh at his ungainly shins will be a dangerous day for America.

To illustrate, I'll give you an example that may sound downright sacrilegious to you. The Saturday night after General MacArthur reached Australia, I was buying drinks for six privates from Camp Dix in the Taft Hotel bar in New York. The fellows talked about MacArthur, what a great guy he was, and how they hoped they had a chance to fight under him. What they said would have thrilled the hardest-panting chauvinist in the country. But then came the typically American note, the thing that, for better or for worse, sets us apart from slaves, the result of education and twenty years of debunking, the American "insurance" against dictatorship. One stout lad had some further information about the Hero of Bataan.

"Yuh know I hear the old guy is vain," he said. "He uses make-up before he'll let a photographer take his picture."

"Oh, sure, I thought everybody knew that," another buck chimed in.

But a third buck was not to be left looking like he didn't know the facts of life. "I tell yuh somethin' else," he added. "I heard a guy talk who knew MacArthur's

first wife. He said Old Mac was no hero to Wife No. 1."

Well, I suppose if a stupid spy overheard that conversation, he cabled a hot tip to Berlin and Tokyo, and Dr. Goebbels informed Hitler that he had "positive evidence" that American Army morale was cracking. But if the spy was smart and really knew Americans, he didn't waste any money on a cable toll. For there was more strength than weakness in that conversation. The American soldiers who were "taking Old Mac apart" on the night he was being acclaimed in Melbourne are soldiers who will be proud to fight with MacArthur, not because he's some god they want to die for, but because he's a damn swell fighting man with plenty of savvy.

### III

In a year of studying the New Army I have been able to reach no definite conclusions about the new soldier's "religion." As far as formal religion goes, there just isn't much. For the first time in the country's history, less than half the total population claims membership in any organized church, and the New Army reflects this trend. I have been told that only about thirty-five per cent of the new

soldiers claim to be members of a church, and that almost half of them have written "None" after the religion question on the induction card.

I suppose this is a weakness and is the natural result of the debunking process and the preference for mind over emotion. I think I have sensed a recognition of a need for religion among the fellows, but I can't report any wholesale yearning for religious understanding.

One Sunday morning I sat in a hotel room in Dallas, Texas, with about a dozen flying cadets. All of them were college men, and all of them were in various stages of recovery from "a soldier's Saturday night." The subject veered to religion, and, one by one, the fellows admitted with a disarming honesty that they had no religion. Only one fellow in the crowd entered a claim to religion. He was a Catholic and a graduate of the Cornell Law School.

"Well, I tell you guys," he said. "I'm doing my damndest to hang on to my religion. It's not because those ships crack up every day out there on the field, but, by God, life's a pretty lousy process without religion. Now take us here and all we've done since last night. What do we do that an animal can't do, if we don't hold on to religion?"



No one attempted to answer him. I got the feeling that all the fellows understood what he meant, but they had still written "None" after the religion question.

Perhaps this distrust of emotion and this absence of religion and this insistence on being reasonable at all times explains another characteristic of the New Army which the chauvinists will find painful. I think newspaper headline writers would do well to forget the old phrase "to the last man" during this war. For the New American Army will not fight to the last man, at least not as long as the fighting is being done on distant shores.

The Dutch Government in London looked awfully silly to American soldiers when it kept announcing that the Dutch would "die to the last man" in Java long after thousands of fully-equipped Dutch soldiers had already surrendered to the Japanese. The British were badly put out when they kept assuring the world that British troops at Singapore would "die where they stand," and then they had to announce sheepishly that 70,000 Britishers had surrendered for no other reason than that they were hopelessly trapped. Our own Government had to stutter and back-track over the Wake Island incident. There was more than a little

insinuation that the Japs would find only dead Marines when they at last took Wake. The Wake defense was magnificent and heart-lifting, but when the situation became hopeless, three hundred American Marines walked out and surrendered.

Dying to the last man is an emotional process; it is not a reasonable process. When General MacArthur reached Australia, he didn't roar that the Americans on Bataan would fight to the last man. He calmly announced that the American and Filipino troops would continue fighting "as long as the supplies hold out." For better or for worse, and to save ourselves embarrassment, we may as well understand that while the American soldier may be the best fighting man in the world, he is not going to charge any battlements with a stone in his hand, nor is he going to die in his tracks when all "reason" to continue fighting has disappeared.

The new soldier appreciates efficiency above all else. The regiments commanded by the most efficient officers are the regiments in which morale is highest. And the Americans in business and public life who have the reputations for efficiency are the ones the new soldiers are looking to for help.

I handed a group of soldiers a magazine story about Tom Girdler taking over an aircraft plant in California. "Now we're getting somewhere," one chap exclaimed enthusiastically, and they all expressed satisfaction. Yet most of them would have told you in the next breath what they thought of Mr. Girdler in his labor relations. If this is an inconsistency, the explanation is clear. The fellows in the Army want to get the war over with. They don't want to wear those Boy Scout suits forever. They don't want to wait two generations for the free men to overthrow the herd men by some inevitable process. They want to fight the war now and finish it, so they can get back to carving a place for themselves in a free America and a free world.

I think America's "lost generation" may find itself during this war. I've come to respect it during the last year. I think the fellows can take on the Panzer Divisions and drive them into the sea. And what is even more important, I believe that this war generation of Americans can destroy the Brute in the world without allowing themselves to become hate-maddened brutes.

I think the picture of an intelligent young American coolly dropping bombs on Tokyo for the reason that he wants to create a better world for Japs and Americans alike is a much more hopeful picture than if he were dropping the bombs for the purpose of avenging Pearl Harbor. No American slogan ever fell so flat with its fighting men as "Remember Pearl Harbor!" As one soldier expressed it: "What-the-hell we got to remember about Pearl Harbor? Some clever bastards just caught us with our pants down."

The New American Army doesn't want slogans; it wants weapons. It doesn't want to parade; it wants to fight. It doesn't want the folks back home to work themselves into a patriotic lather; it wants the folks back home to work like hell at a lathe. It wants to get on with the war, and to hell with the speeches.

This new war is being fought by "cold potatoes." By thinking, cynical, critical men, who don't like war and who don't like stupidity. They are going to defeat America's enemies, and in the process of winning the war, they shall need to find some new faith in God and some new faith in mankind.

I believe they are going to find it.

# GALVESTON'S STREET OF SHAME

By ED KILMAN

**Y**ou can take a sailor's word for it, Galveston's Postoffice Street is the most fabulous street of sin in all the ports of the New World.

Jean Lafitte and his buccaneers fought a pitched battle for an Indian maiden near the present site of Postoffice Street. Tall Yankee soldiers tramped along it in the Sixties and spilled hot Rebel blood for the favors of its talented courtesans. Its red lights glittered during the wild and wicked Nineties. The Army closed it during the first World War; and Uncle Sam has ordered it closed again, trying to keep his soldiers out of the sultry embraces of the Galveston gals. The city has announced it officially closed, but Postoffice Street learned long ago how and when to retire behind green lattices and change its methods for changing times.

"You can't stop prostitution in Galveston," a city spokesman told the Army. "It's too popular."

A pleasure resort, catering to pleasure seekers and hard-handed men of the sea, Galveston is toler-

ant of liquor, racing, gambling and harlotry. It's a sporting town for sporting men and sporting women. Located on an island two miles from the Texas mainland, the city has always lived as it pleased, and the fame of its red-light district has spread over the seven seas.

It was old Lafitte himself — a French devil with the ladies — who started high-powered prostitution in Galveston. He and his men used to land on the island between piratical excursions, and to provide diversion for themselves, they offered gaudy inducements for feminine companionship. They ran into trouble when Lafitte commercialized the most beautiful maiden of the Karankawas. The whole tribe swooped down upon them and it took Lafitte and two hundred pirates all day to drive off the Indians in a pitched battle.

Federal soldiers and sailors who held Galveston for two years during the Civil War made a substantial contribution to Postoffice Street tenderloin. The professional belles gave the Southern gentlemen

full credit for being more proficient in *l'art d'amour*, but they found Yankee gold much more spendable than Confederate shinplasters. One of the most famous ladies of this period was a distinguished chipper known as "the Babe of the Alamo." Her name was Angeline; and she and her mother, a Mrs. Almaron Dickinson, were the only white persons who survived the massacre at San Antonio in 1836. Angeline grew up to be an eye-smiting maiden, married twice, and then hit the primrose path. She moved to Galveston, and on July 18, 1869, *Flake's Daily Bulletin* reported: "We do not know how it happened, nor is it necessary to know, but 'the Babe of the Alamo' embraced the life of a courtesan and so died last night. Her pilgrimage is done. Let us erect over her grave the words of a recently departed sister: 'Thou, God, knowest.'"

During Reconstruction days, a Major Anderson of the Union Army, one of the military rulers of Galveston, visited his favorite sporting house for an evening's relaxation. A delectable wench named Marie was ensconced snugly in his lap when Marie's most particular young man friend dropped in. This young man, Bud Cotton, a member of one of Galveston's leading families, was likkered up and in a mean

humor. The sight of his doxy in the arms of a Yankee was too much for him. He smacked Marie to the floor and gently disemboweled the major with a hawkbill knife.

Bud was tried — by the Unionists — and sentenced to hang in the old Galveston city jail. Desperate appeals for a reprieve failed, and on the night before his scheduled execution, Marie came to see him for the last time. She whispered something to him and gave him a lingering, farewell kiss through the bars; and next morning when the Yankees went to hang Bud, they found him stiff and cold in his bunk. Poisoned. Did Marie have the poison on her lips and did Bud know she was poisoning him? Or did she slip a vial into his hand so he could cheat the Yankee noose? The Unionists had their suspicions, but as Bud's debt was paid in full, they closed the account.

Cora Morris, a dazzling Tennessean, was a nurse in the Confederate Army. She served with Terry's Texas Rangers, and was the *bona roba* of several leading Secessionists. After the war, she became mistress of the ultra-refined house in Galveston. Staffed with elegant, long-limbed Cajuns from New Orleans, her place developed into a rendezvous for the better-heeled playmen.

The artillery ball was the supreme social event of the year in Galveston and Cora was a lady who knew how to turn such events to her own advantage. Her house was located near the armory, and on the night of the ball, she and her beauties held open house. Throughout the evening, the aristocratic gentlemen would slip out of the arms of their fine ladies between polkas and quadrilles and dash over for a brief respite in the arms of Madame Morris' Cajuns.

Once, when a reform wave swept Galveston, a group of church women called on Cora and tried to steer her and the entire establishment from the ways of sin. While they were in the richly-upholstered parlor, pleading and praying, a customer breezed in for an afternoon interlude.

With the air of one very much at home, he gaily sang out: "Hey, Cora, where's my baby, Helen?"

He burst into the parlor and found himself surrounded by the flock of salvation pleaders. One of the pious visitors took a quick gander at him and crumpled in a dead faint.

The customer was her husband.

Cora, a small, high-breasted brunette, got fat as she got older, but at the turn of the century she was still going strong. After the hurri-

cane in 1900, which washed most of Galveston into the sea and killed five thousand persons, she opened her house to destitute girls who were injured or sick from exposure. For this act of mercy, she was all but canonized by the erring sisterhood.

Once, when a girl in her house died, Cora sent out elaborate funeral notices. "Wear black," she commanded the women of the district, "and don't come under the influence of liquor." Postoffice Street attended down to the last voluptuary, from the five-dollar bagnios to the dollar cribs. A bid to visit Cora's house was a social honor not to be declined.

Dr. S. W. Bird, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, was official sky-pilot for the fallen and downtrodden of the Street. He conducted the services, and preached a masterful sermon on "The Wages of Sin."

## II

During Galveston's halcyon days as Texas' only cotton port, when it boasted more millionaires to the acre than any other Southern city, the Postoffice Street "reservation" was a high-toned, well-regulated institution. There were "cribs" for the sailors and the humbler domestic trade, but there were many

more expensive palaces of pleasure resplendent with fine plush Victorian furniture, tall mirrors and crystal chandeliers.

To enter these temples of sin, every caller had to pass inspection before a peep-hole in the door, but once inside, the madame received him like a sorority house-mother and proudly presented him to the fetchingly-gowned *filles de joie*. He could dance in the softly lighted ballroom to music thumped out by the proverbial masculine piano player. He could buy beer for his chosen minx at the give-away price of a dollar a bottle, or he could make it champagne for ten dollars. Or, if he was a man who hadn't come to dally, he could proceed direct to the caparisoned couch.

But the universal law of Postoffice Street was always in effect: "Suh, you got to treat, trade or travel!"

Some of the commercial ladies of the Street married citizens in Galveston and took their places in respectable society. One of these was Abbie Allen, a handsome blonde who operated an exclusive brothel. Abbie was also a wholesaler in the trade, being the Galveston link in a nationwide white slave chain which kept a continual supply of fresh young talent flowing from New York to 'Frisco. Abbie also

had a business connection with Spanish Agnes, the famous procuress of the New Orleans Latin Quarter. The chain's wholesale price to madames for ordinary Jezebels was twenty-five dollars each, but Spanish Agnes sold some of her statuesque Cajun beauties for much higher prices.

With Abbie Allen, prostitution was strictly a business and a vocation. After business hours, she retired to her home away from Postoffice Street and lived a respectable life with her husband.

The most famous trollop in the Street's lurid history was sent to Galveston by Spanish Agnes. Her name was Laura and she quickly became "Queen Laura" to her subjects. She had long, black hair that actually reached to the floor; she demanded and received fabulous premiums for letting her hair down for the exclusive delectation of her more discerning suitors. Laura conducted a house that compared favorably in fittings with the home of any Galveston cotton baron, and indeed, the house *was* the part-time home of many of the barons. One of them became a legend on the Street because of his peculiar insistence on privacy. He used to appear unannounced at Queen Laura's, lock the house to all other visitors, and proceed to entertain

the beauties lavishly with the finest food and drink available in the city. He was notoriously rough on the furniture, but always paid the repair bills which Laura sent him.

During the prohibition era, a well-known rum runner often chartered Queen Laura's place for celebrations after successful smuggling expeditions. He once left a lieutenant known as Hunk in the house, with instructions that Hunk was to be given anything he wanted and the bill was to be charged to the boss. A few days later, Laura got in touch with the smuggler chief.

"You'd better come and get your friend Hunk," she said.

"Good Lord, I'd forgotten all about him!" the smuggler exclaimed.

"Yeah?" Laura cracked. "Well, he's been here at the house for a week and he has run up a bill of \$365.50."

The house in which Queen Laura held court was owned by the wife of a man who became a candidate for a high state office. He made some campaign charges which enraged his opponent, so the opponent inveigled Queen Laura and her princesses to pose for a photograph on the porch, under the fancy sign "Laura's Heaven." He

threatened to publish the picture, together with evidence of the property's ownership, if the charges were not withdrawn. The charges were withdrawn — and quickly.

Queen Laura frequented the beach race track, which was popular with sport-loving Galveston. She also enjoyed the naughty burlesque shows at Bob Sherwood's Mascot Theater, which was situated on the edge of the "res" and has a lurid history of its own. Laura continued in trade along the Street until she retired; then, well-to-do, she returned to New Orleans.

Another early aristocrat of the red lights was Jessie Anderson. Tall, brown-haired and graceful, she was the grand lady of the Street. Her clothes came from the finest New Orleans shops and she drove a span of thoroughbreds about Galveston.

"I've seen Jessie walk into the opera house as regally as any queen to see Booth perform," an old-timer recalls.

Jessie's affair with a prominent young Galveston physician is a classic of Postoffice lore. They were ardently in love, and often stole off in the doctor's closed buggy for a ride behind his fast-stepping grays. They frequented Halfway House, a lush night spot on West Beach.

Tragedy overtook them, however. Jessie was seized with an acute attack of appendicitis while they were together one night and the young doctor rushed her to the hospital and operated. She died, the doctor took to drink and soon faded into the shadows.

Melba Morrison was the district's most successful practitioner of the double life. She was a madame along the row, but she had a son to whom she tried to be a decent mother. When her son grew old enough to look around, she took him to New York and put him in school. There he stayed until he grew up, except for occasional brief visits to Galveston. On these occasions, Melba would rent a house near the beach and receive him there, pretending it was her home. The son became a physician and it is believed he never learned of his mother's profession.

A landmark of the district was the old Pennsylvania Hotel, which specialized in fat women and built up a thriving business by advertising that it sold love by the ton. Another unique place was a big yellow house of assignation on the fringe of the district, where white women dated Negro men. It was run by a Negro woman who lived with a white man. She is dead now, but he still totters about Galveston.

### III

The entire history of Postoffice Street has been punctuated by gunfire and freakish accidents. Beginning with Lafitte's pitched battle in 1816, there has seldom been a week in which some temper didn't boil over in the reservation. As always, the eternal triangle has resulted in many killings.

A girl from Mamie Dyer's raglio was strangled and her body was found under the cedars on the beach race track grounds. Who killed her remains a mystery to this day, but she was known to have attracted the wandering gaze of Mamie's husband. And Mamie was a very jealous woman.

"Miss Sophie," who ran a house at Twenty-sixth and Postoffice, was a fiery figure. One of her girls had a husband who tried to persuade her to leave Sophie. A three-cornered quarrel ensued, and when the smoke had cleared away, only the girl was standing up. The husband had killed Sophie and then turned the gun on himself.

Mollie Waters held forth in a towering old brick house which is still a Street landmark. During her régime, a prominent patron got his leg shot off, to the profound embarrassment of his family. But the most embarrassed family in Gal-



veston's history was the one whose scion fell backwards off an upstairs balcony at Annie Lewis' house and broke his neck.

Corinne Wilson bought Mollie Waters' house and nicknamed it "The Club." Corinne had a slight altercation with her man and he was killed under extraordinary circumstances involving several prominent Galvestonians. Corinne was tried for the murder, but was acquitted.

Corinne was followed, in turn, at the big red-brick house by a colorful demi-mondaine called Mother Harvey. With a stable of ten fancy hussies, Mother Harvey did a thriving business and promoted herself into the more legitimate enterprise of running a successful hotel.

Laura Backenstoe was another tragic figure. She hit the Street about twenty years ago, and was an immediate sensation. Her charms attracted a lively trade to her five-dollar house, but she had trouble with her husband and started using dope. In time, she turned to dope peddling, and was indicted a few years ago on a Federal charge of selling narcotics. A few days before her trial, she took an overdose of dream-smoke and the Government's account with Backenstoe was closed.

Emma La Rose supported and educated several orphaned nieces with money earned from one of the more plebeian cribs. She pistoled her husband one Saturday night, but she was acquitted of murder on a plea of self-defense.

One Postoffice husband, however, seems to have thrived and to have attained a ripe age. He was the husband of Lula Wilcox, an auburn-haired mopsy, who ran a big yellow house. The husband, a short, Frenchy man with curly, black hair, gained the honorary title of "Mayor of Postoffice Street." He used to invite his relatives over for Christmas dinner, and presided at the head of a long table at which the working girls of the house sat with members of his family in a big, happy circle. He once became active in church work and attained the rank of collection plate passer.

The main colored supplements to Postoffice Street were Superstitious Alley and Tincan Alley. Cock-of-the-walk on Superstitious Alley was a tall, yellow, Northern Negro with straight hair and mustache, known as "High Brown." About 1913, Galveston was beset by a wave of dope peddling, especially cocaine, among the Negroes. The mayor got a tip that a large quantity of the stuff was cached in a house in Superstitious Alley.

With a force of officers, he went to the house, rapped on the door, and was promptly confronted by High Brown.

High Brown scorned the mayor's search warrant, poked a six-shooter in the mayor's ribs and said: "If you come a foot further, I'll drill ya."

"You'll only hang for it," the mayor told him. "The place is surrounded."

But High Brown stood firm and the mayor backed away. When he was a few feet from the Negro, a gun barked from around the corner of the house and High Brown crumpled to the floor with a broken neck. Behind the fireplace, the raiders found the largest quantity of cocaine ever seen in Galveston.

Rose Harris had an amazing experience. When she first entered the reservation, she was white as any Caucasian and operated as a white woman. But suddenly she began turning dark, and soon she was as black as any Negro and had to transfer to Tincan Alley. Her transformation was embarrassing to a law enforcement officer who was giving her steady attention. Rose's joint on Tincan was a tough one. No man's pocketbook was safe among her grisettes.

Postoffice Street never regained all of its old-time glamor and dignity after the first World War. Hundreds of girls were herded back into the district, and while some of the places glittered again and were patronized by the best people, many one- and two-dollar dives began to creep in. Clip joints appeared and Negroes, who in the good old days would have been mobbed had they ventured out of Superstitious and Tincan, occupied some of the houses.

The business was degraded by the cheap hustling practices of the Depression. Girls who had once waited in the elegance of their boudoirs to be showered with favors were forced to drum up trade along the beaches. One of the reasons the Government is now trying to close the Street to soldiers is that, at the last medical examination, most of the four hundred gals examined had one or another venereal disease. But some Galvestonians are hopeful. They expect to see rise from the ashes of this war a rejuvenated and refurbished Postoffice Street.

"Hell, we've got to rebuild Postoffice Street!" says a veteran man-about-town. "Galveston wouldn't be Galveston without it!"



## LIFE WITH THE EXPERTS

*{This department, dedicated to the thoughts of sundry prophets, solicits contributions from readers. Please attach the actual clipping or other documentary source of the prophecies that went sour. — THE EDITORS.}*

CORNELIUS V. STARR, publisher of the Shanghai *Evening Post & Mercury*, on October 4, 1940, in a New York *World-Telegram* interview:

Regardless of her bombast, Japan will under no circumstances risk actual war with America. . . . Why am I so sure the Japanese leaders are conscious of their own weakness? Because old and intimate friends among them still in positions of authority have repeatedly told me so.

PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Harvard historian, in an Associated Press article on January 19, 1941:

I don't believe there is any likelihood of this country entering the war as long as she keeps Britain supplied with the arms and ships she needs.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, upon the announcement of the Stalin-Hitler Pact on August 22, 1939:

A pact of non-aggression between Russia and Germany will be a great reinforcement for peace in Eastern Europe. At the same time, it is a lie to suggest it leaves Germany a free hand against Poland or anyone else.

SENATOR GERALD P. NYE, as reported by the Associated Press on February 27, 1941:

A very substantial number of U. S. Army troop transports now are assembled in Pacific Ocean ports, waiting to carry our troops to the Far East war theatre. Some of the troop transports were originally scheduled to sail from our shore about Feb. 28, 1941.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, in a speech at Rutgers University on December 19, 1940:

The United States is not in the slightest danger of invasion either by sea or land or air, or for years to come, and therefore we do not have to rush with our defense plans.

WAR CORRESPONDENT JOHN O'DONNELL, in an NBC broadcast from Paris on November 26, 1939:

The hour of the inevitable armistice will arrive without the world witnessing a blood bath.

REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING, JR., retired, in a United Press dispatch on September 15, 1939:

Don't be the least bit surprised if Italy abandons its support of Hitler.



Groups of people like this, meeting in blacksmith shops, in taverns, stores, and on street corners, demanded that the Constitution be amended to guarantee certain rights. Among these are Freedom of Speech... Freedom of the Press... Freedom of Religion... Freedom of Assembly.

## **To these Four Freedoms . . . add another**

**R**ANKING in importance with these freedoms is another that Americans have added . . . Freedom to Plan One's Own Future.

Nowhere on earth is a man so free to plan his own future as he is in America. Of all the world's life insurance, 70% is owned in the United

States where men, women, and children enjoy to the fullest the right to pursue happiness and security in their own way.

*This right is not something that just happens to be in the air we breathe. Men had to fight to wrest it from the forces of oppression.*

Today, these forces are at work against us again. They have thrust upon us a fight that requires more on our part than the will to win. Victory requires tanks and planes and guns and battleships, huge armies, munition plants, and all other implements of total war.

To build enough of these things, fast enough, takes money—unheard-of sums of money. And the United States Government needs that money right now . . . today!

Your life insurance companies, through investment in Government Bonds, are helping to fill Uncle Sam's war chest. You also can help by buying all the U. S. Savings Bonds and Stamps you can...every week, every month! Every Bond you can buy is urgently needed to help defend America, and all its people, including you and your family! Make every payday, Bond day. U. S. Savings Stamps may be purchased at any Metropolitan Office, or from any Metropolitan agent.

*This advertisement is not copyrighted. Individuals and organizations are welcome to reprint it in the interest of American victory, with or without credit to Metropolitan.*

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



## BEHIND THE LABOR CRISIS

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE most powerful labor leader in America today is not Lewis or Murray or Green, but the President of the United States. He is that partly because he is a wartime president, but mainly because for nine years he has been the leader of the New Deal, which has partaken in the factional struggles of our labor movement. Mr. Roosevelt's unique role in American labor became dramatically clear when he was asked by the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations to head a seven-man committee, of which the other six are equally divided between the two federations. For what they wanted, to use their own words, was "peace without unity" — under the protection of the White House.

The President christened the committee the "Consolidated Labor War Board." Its jurisdiction is vaguely all-inclusive and its functions are informally omnipotent. At its first meeting on January 6, according to the *New York Times*, it "raised for discussion the ques-

tions of war production, labor supply, wage policies, priorities, and rationing." Which is quite a program. But the Board discussed everything in general because it has nothing to do in particular. Its only "consolidating" feature is the spectacular absence of John L. Lewis, whose spirit of opposition is ever present. The sole purpose of creating this labor kitchen cabinet was to keep Lewis from gaining greater control over organized labor with another *blitz* for "unity and peace." The Board is simply a device to hide, even from itself, the bitter factionalism and confusion which is keeping labor from a united drive for victory.

When we think of organized labor, we usually think of the AFL and the CIO. But actually we have four labor bodies, and the war has sharpened their outlines.

Of these, the busiest is the aggregation of the various labor agencies in the government. For the duration, the most important is the National War Labor Board.

Then there is the Department of Labor, shorn of many of its former functions. The National Labor Relations Board has simmered down, since the communist fellow-travelers lost control of it two years ago, to a board of union elections. And the War Production Board has a labor division under Sidney Hillman, who is the walking-delegate-at-large of the Administration on the various labor fronts. Besides, almost every federal unit except possibly the Wild Life Conservation Service has its own labor division, or at least a number of "consultants," usually of recent collegiate vintage and in the pink of New Deal condition. All these bureaucracies are forever playing politics within the labor movement itself and competing with each other for greater control — and confusion.

The second great labor body is the AFL. There power rests on the uneasy partnership between the hardboiled chieftains of the building trades and President William Green, who has the static support of the majority of the hierarchy.

The third amalgamation is the CIO. It is ruled by a coalition of President Philip Murray and the Left Wing, which is under communist domination and holds the balance of power. Murray has

never had a personal machine, for during most of his career he was the chief oiler and wiper of the Lewis machine in the miners' union. Hence, he is today the Charlie McCarthy of the Left Wing, which tactfully permits him to believe he is the Edgar Bergen.

Finally there is John L. Lewis, his Praetorian Guard of thirty district presidents of the United Mine Workers and his personal corps of several hundred crack organizers. Not long ago, he raised the salaries of his district presidents from \$6000 to \$10,000 a year. Most of his organizers are now feverishly at work in District 50 of the United Mine Workers, which is organized as a raiding squad against both the AFL and the CIO. The "jurisdiction" of District 50 is limited, as we shall see, only by Lewis's ambitions. But the main asset of the Lewis machine is John L. himself. Astute, daring and indomitable, he is a wizard at mixing resource with ruthlessness. He is the only professional labor leader who is a household word. And he is at his best in opposition.

Such are the four conglomerations which compete for power over American labor. And now let us look into the great game of labor politics in wartime.

## II

The shock of Pearl Harbor momentarily united all labor factions. Green immediately came out against strikes and extended a peace offer to the CIO. Murray declared for uninterrupted production, which means the suspension of all jurisdictional disputes with the AFL. Sidney Hillman assured America of labor's united drive for victory. And Lewis, who had been in the isolationist camp, announced that "when the nation is attacked, every American must rally to its defense. All other considerations become insignificant." But this spontaneous truce lasted only a brief six weeks. The real issue soon emerged: Who should rally under whom?

Lewis had stood in the way of labor unity ever since the CIO split from the AFL. In 1939, he adjourned indefinitely the joint peace committee. Suddenly, on January 17, he heaved identical epistolary bombshells at Green and Murray, suggesting the "accouplement" of the two bodies for the sake of wartime unity. The move was adroitly timed to grab leadership in the ensuing shake-up for fraternity and peace.

Green promptly replied that the AFL was ready "to negotiate

peace anywhere, any time, any place." A merger could mean only one thing — the return of the CIO to the fold, and not the swallowing up of the AFL by its offspring. Besides, Green could hardly oppose the return of a prodigal son bringing home over 600,000 dues-paying members.

But the CIO leaders reacted very differently. The Left Wing crowd was stunned. They knew that in any merger they would be merged out of power. Sidney Hillman was equally upset; in a united labor movement, his role as the Administration's political commissar in labor would be even more obvious than before. Murray, too, was good and mad. He had just begun to throw off his Man Friday complex about Big John and to enjoy his refulgent job as president of the CIO. He felt that Lewis had slapped him in the face with an olive branch.

But despite the collective panic precipitated by the Lewis peace offensive among the anti-Lewisites, nobody could openly oppose unity at such a time, not even an "accouplement" with Lewis. And his peace move might very well have gone over, when suddenly it was torpedoed from a wholly unexpected quarter.

On January 19, the New York



*Times* carried a front page story by A. H. Raskin, a very competent labor reporter. According to this story, the Executive Council of the AFL decided, on the very day of Lewis's peace proposal, on the following details: (1) Green was to retire from the presidency at his full salary of \$20,000; (2) George Meany, the secretary-treasurer, was to move up into his place; (3) Phil Murray was to be offered Meany's job at \$18,000 in a reunited Federation; (4) Lewis was to displace William L. Hutcheson, president of the carpenters and leader of the building trades group, as first vice-president. The new slate, the story went on, was decided upon after "unofficial" conversations had been carried on for nearly a week by Mr. Lewis and Daniel J. Tobin," president of the teamsters.

Everyone mentioned in this story has denied it categorically. Every check proved these details to be fictitious. Two friends of mine on the Executive Council, both completely trustworthy, assured me that Lewis's peace letter to Green was handed to him half an hour before the Council adjourned, whereupon it merely voted in favor of resuming peace negotiations with the CIO. The Council could not and would not have acted in

any other way. Deals are not made in the presence of the intended victims, especially such proposed victims as Green and Hutcheson, who between them control the Council. Moreover, it is well understood that Green, who is 69, will retire in a couple of years, and that Meany may very well succeed him.

Raskin believed this "exclusive" because he got it from a source which had always been perfectly reliable and which had no particular interest in knifing the Lewis peace move — from an AFL press agent in Meany's corner. If the idea was to send up a trial balloon to test Meany's chances for the presidency of the AFL, it was a very dumb idea, for the story hurt him more than anybody else.

There is a certain background which explains why this story seemed credible to the New York *Times*. It is known that Lewis has had a number of private meetings with Bill Hutcheson. Time was when Lewis knocked Hutcheson down on the convention floor of the Federation during the row which led to the formation of the CIO. The two made up when they both campaigned for Willkie. But their real rapprochement began when Lewis broke with his machine in the CIO, which was based

on communist support. This break occurred when Hitler invaded Russia. The Left Wing of the CIO immediately decided that what had been a war between "two sets of imperialist gangsters" had turned into a war of liberation against fascism. Lewis, however, stuck to his isolationism, which was based not on adoration of the Kremlin but on his opposition to the Administration and his personal bitterness toward Roosevelt.

And so, ever since last summer, Lewis has carried on a discreet flirtation with the AFL through Hutcheson. No doubt he figured that if he took the United Mine Workers, and possibly a cluster of right-wing unions, back into the AFL, he could kill two birds with one stone. He could seriously cripple the CIO, and once in the AFL, he would hold the balance of power between Green and the building trades — just as he did in the old days.

The *Times* story pretty well torpedoed the prospects for "peace and unity" in organized labor. But it took another story to sink them altogether. This second "exclusive," by Edwin A. Lahey, appeared in the *Chicago Daily News* and the *New York Post* on January 21.

The Lewis peace plan, wrote

Mr. Lahey, "was the subject of conversation a week ago at a Washington dinner of Roosevelt-haters and former America-Firsters, it was learned today from a source too reliable to question." The occasion was in honor of Norman Thomas, "head of the Socialist party, and one of the country's ardent isolationists," and took place at the home of Miss Dorothy Detzer, national secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Senator Wheeler allegedly gave his dinner companions advance information on the Lewis peace plan, which Lahey termed "an isolationist plot to knife Roosevelt."

The plot thickens:

From the same impeccable sources that I learned of the Detzer dinner in Washington it was learned that David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Matthew Woll, first vice-president of the A.F. of L., and "Big Bill" Hutcheson, all had conferences with Lewis on the "peace plan." . . . Lewis reached out and dragged Dubinsky into the ambitious Lewis-Hutcheson plan by a circuitous route, according to the same reliable source of information. The message from Big John to Little Dave went from Jett Lauck, United Mine Workers economist, to Francis Henson, former secretary to Homer Martin, to Jay Lovestone, former communist leader, to Dubinsky, who then wound up in Washington, in several conferences with the beetle-browed sage of Alexandria.

"Lewis and the A.F. of L. skates," Lahey elucidated, "planned to pension President Green, to smother Phil Murray in obscurity, to do a hatchet job on Sidney Hillman, and the left-wing unions in the CIO."

There are several things wrong with this story. The Detzer affair was not a dinner, but an afternoon cocktail party. It took place on January 18 and not on January 14, that is, *after* the publication of Lewis's peace offers and not before. Norman Thomas and another guest, Ludwell Denny, the Scripps-Howard columnist, both tell me that no phase of the labor movement was discussed in their presence. Matthew Woll tells me that he has never talked about labor unity with Lewis since he called off the peace conferences with the AFL in 1939.

In reply to Lahey's rewrite of this same fable in the *New Republic*, David Dubinsky stated in a letter to the editors: "His yarn is spun out of whole cloth. May I, for instance, say that the last time I ever spoke to Mr. Lewis was in May, 1937. . . ." After investigation, the *New York Post* handsomely apologized for having printed the Lahey piece.

Here is the story behind the story. Certain bright lads in the

labor division of OPM, closely connected with the Left Wing in the CIO, learned of the cocktail party at Miss Detzer's, and went to work on it. They transmogrified it into a dinner party and shoved it back four days. The rest is pure invention. This fabrication was then handed to Wayne Coy, liaison officer and chief of the Office of Emergency Management, who presented it to Mr. Lahey.

Even though these two stories pretty well smashed the Lewis peace offensive, his opponents in the CIO were still afraid of his recuperative powers. And now they could get the AFL to join them in a "peace without unity" for the simple reason that, for the time being, all efforts to unite American labor were doomed. So Mr. Hillman thought up the Consolidated Labor War Board with the President as umpire and Phil Murray persuaded him to initiate it.

The most interesting member of this Board is Julius Emspak, of the electrical and radio workers, who represents the Left Wing in the CIO. Emspak began his career years ago in the Trade Union Unity League, then the official labor section of the Communist Party. Last year, he led the successful fight to defeat James P.

Carey for reelection as union president, because Carey opposed the Communist Party line. Emspak is also the editor of his union journal, which, until Hitler attacked Russia, was strongly isolationist.

John Lewis is by no means licked. He is not impressed with the Consolidated Labor War Board. For one thing, it may very well evaporate; the members have already asked the President to back them up on the closed shop and to repudiate Leon Henderson's demand for freezing wages, which he will not do. For another thing, the Board can in no way hamper Lewis's plans.

Lewis has three alternatives. He can stay in the CIO, he can return to the AFL, or he can go independent. It is doubtful whether the miners will keep on paying to the CIO \$360,000 a year in dues unless the situation shifts to restore Lewis to a dominating position. He is also unlikely to return in the near future to the AFL, where he would still be welcome. The United Mine Workers is likely to become an independent union in a national crisis which keeps labor in uncertainty.

In the meantime, Lewis is building up District 50 of the United Mine Workers, which is an incip-

ient federation of labor in itself. Originally, District 50 had jurisdiction in industries using by-products of coal and coke. Since coal tar is one of the most important bases of organic chemistry, District 50 began organizing everything in sight, from the cosmetic workers at Helena Rubinstein's (because many beauty preparations are coal tar derivatives) to workers in TNT plants. Recently, 30,000 members of the Dairy Farmers' Union in the East and Middle West joined District 50. In the first ten weeks of the war, District 50 grew from 60,000 to 130,000 members. Today, it is organizing in the following industries: drugs, metal mining and smelting, metallurgical production, public utilities, paint and varnish, gypsum, abrasives, paper, enamel products, electrical equipment, cork, plastics, asbestos, fertilizers and vanadium products. In short, our entire war chemical industry has been taken under the "jurisdiction" of the miners. Lewis has a war chest of over \$5,000,000 in cash. And he is calling in the million dollars he loaned to various CIO unions.

Lewis's real game is Opposition. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that the New Dealers are hamstringing the war effort by what he

considers their monstrous incompetence. He believes that a reaction is bound to set in against them in a rising popular demand to clean house. He is building himself up as one of the main rallying points for such an opposition. And he keeps his eye on 1944. Not that he expects to be the Republican candidate, but he thinks that he is bound to play a far greater role in 1944 than he did in 1940.

### III

Soon after Pearl Harbor, the President called together an Industry-Labor Conference. Its job was to lay down a policy for a War Labor Board. The moderator of the conference was William H. Davis, who had been the chairman of the late unlamented Defense Mediation Board, which was wrecked on the issue of the closed shop in the captive coal strike last November. The Conference boldly came out against wartime strikes and lockouts, which is like coming out against wartime earthquakes, and then proceeded to tie itself into Gordian knots over the policies it was to establish as guiding principles for the War Labor Board. It could not agree on a wage policy and, above all, it got stymied on the issue of the closed

shop. All it accomplished was to recommend the creation of a War Labor Board with twelve members — four each representing industry, labor and the public — and to give the Board the right to arbitrate as well as mediate, a difference of small distinction in a real fight.

On January 12, the War Labor Board rose phoenix-like from the ashes of these failures. But the phoenix turned out to be a dodo, roosting on the horns of a dilemma. The dilemma is very simple: the Board has no policy because it reflects the historic alliance between the New Deal and the leftist forces in organized labor, while at the same time it realizes that it must curb these forces as a pressure group in the national crisis.

The chairman who presides over this predicament is once more William H. Davis. He is a most knowledgeable man, with long experience as an impartial arbitrator. But his very virtues as a professional conciliator make it difficult for him to be decisive in a crisis. He is by nature an industrial Cupid, expert at reconciling the minor heartbreaks of management and labor, rather than a hardboiled settler of passionate disputes. Moreover, he is a professional New Dealer who tends to hold aloft the controversial social gains of the New Deal

even in a national crisis. The three other public members are academic Brain Trusters, and two of them have been shuttling in and out of the New Deal for years.

The labor members tend to cash in on this traditional New Deal alliance. Three of them — George Meany, Tom Kennedy of the miners, and President R. J. Thomas of the auto workers — are typical trade union career men. The fourth labor member is Matthew Woll, who fully understands the dangers which labor incurs by its constantly increasing demands. But a vice-president of the AFL cannot very well oppose them.

From this setup, it is clear that the public group is apt to compromise with the labor people rather than arbitrate between them and management. The employer members cannot possibly be accused of being labor baiters or profiteers, for they were chosen by the Administration. But they cannot really function as representatives of management, which is, of course, forever crowding them, because they are in a chronic minority. The most articulate of them is Roger D. Lapham of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. Lapham is one of the great characters of San Francisco — mellow, skeptical and knowing, with a dash

of cynicism. "Not long ago," he told me, "I held forth, in a committee meeting at which John Lewis was present, on the reasons why Congress should legislate on the issue of the closed shop. I sounded to myself quite learned and convincing. After I was through, Lewis said: 'Lapham, you're obsolescent.' A crack like that is worth the trip from San Francisco."

During its first two months, the War Labor Board handled dozens of minor cases, usually to the advantage of labor — sometimes fairly, and sometimes in such an obviously pusillanimous way that the majority actually apologized in their decisions for having made them.

Under pressure from its Left Wing, the CIO has launched the greatest wage drive in labor history. Its various unions are demanding a total increase of more than a billion dollars in 1942. The United Automobile Workers want a dollar a day raise and the closed shop in General Motors. Murray asks the same things for 180,000 workers in Little Steel. These demands are characteristic of most CIO unions which have contracts to renew. The AFL cannot afford to fall behind in its demands. And so it is asking for a graduated in-

crease in all industry — wages to rise automatically with the increased cost of living — as though there were no causal relation between the two. Usually, labor demands increases on the ground that industry is profiting from the emergency. *The obvious answer is a ceiling on profits as well as wages.*

The labor leaders are genuinely against strikes. But their constant demands naturally keep the rank and file in a state of nervous restlessness which expresses itself in spontaneous walk-outs and slow-downs, often for trivial reasons. But the main issue confronting American industry today is the open versus the closed shop. Much nonsense has been written on this subject. We already have four million workers in closed shops and no one wishes to disturb them. In many industries, this system has developed over years of voluntary and orderly collective bargaining. The question at this moment is whether the state should force a closed shop on vast and newly organized mass industries. The unions in these fields, without democratic experience and often under demagogic Left Wing leadership, are apt to be more interested in political power than in protecting the workers. And many of them are in effect closed unions,

refusing membership for factional and other reasons. A recent Gallup poll showed that the majority of the workers do not favor the closed shop.

The War Labor Board is scared to death of the issue of the closed shop. It tried to evade it by granting the “maintenance of union membership” shop to the Textile Workers Union in the Southern plant of the Marshall Field Company. Under this plan, the individual worker agrees to the closed shop for the duration of the contract. But such compromises please neither side. And Phil Murray immediately protested against the union-maintenance shop as a conspiracy to defraud labor of the closed shop.

Some Administration leaders see plainly that the opportunistic policy of the Board is bound to lead to trouble. Dr. William L. Leiserson, member of the National Labor Relations Board and a tried friend of labor, warned the War Labor Board that if it fails to establish a “guiding wage-policy or union-shop policy on which to base its determinations and awards” and continues to decide each case on its merits, it “may well meet the same fate as the Defense Mediation Board” — and wreck itself. Equally forthright in his criticism was Leon

Henderson, the price administrator. He told the Board that organized labor cannot get more and more money without courting inflation. "If wage increases are permitted according to bargaining power," he said, "two things are bound to happen. Prices will increase at the expense of the rest of the public and the dislocation of our economy."

By the time this article appears, the War Labor Board will have ruled on the CIO's demands for a closed shop and a dollar-a-day wage increase in General Motors and in Little Steel. If it decides against labor, it may precipitate a crisis in the Board. If it yields to labor, Congress may lay down a fundamental policy for the Board, which labor will like even less. In either case, the Board will be in hot water. But if it prefers the tepid waters of compromise, it will merely postpone the day of reckoning.

#### IV

The predicament of the War Labor Board is genuine enough. Unfortunately, the feuds in other labor agencies are most often personal fights for power. Ever since last fall, there has been a bitter under-cover struggle between Madam

Perkins and Sidney Hillman, her former protégé. She rues the day when she imported him to Washington, for Sidney has been working overtime to crowd her out of the picture and to relieve the Department of Labor of one function after another. In spite of her vigorous opposition, he insisted on the nomination of Davis for the War Labor Board; and he has contrived to keep her from sitting in, as he does, on the Consolidated Labor War Board, which makes her most unhappy. To checkmate him, Miss Perkins got the leaders of the AFL and CIO to come out publicly for the return of a number of labor agencies to her Department, in return for her support of the closed shop. Both sides have lived up to their agreement.

When OPM, of which Hillman was co-director, gave way to WPB, where he functions merely as labor advisor, he of course lost most of his power. His division in WPB has increasingly less to do since the real labor problem is handled by the War Labor Board. So Hillman is forever laying plans to build himself up again. He claims that even this year we will need an additional labor force of ten million. The more likely figure is about three million. At any rate, the mobilizing of our labor power



— training it, planning and executing labor shifts, coordinating the industrial front with the draft — is a huge job, which Hillman wants to boss. This ambition got him into a tangle with Paul V. McNutt, the director of the Social Security Board, who feels that this job belongs to the U.S. Employment Service of his Board. The AFL and the CIO leaders, siding with Miss Perkins, have asked the President to create an independent agency within the Department of Labor to coordinate our war labor market.

We have today ten million organized workers. At the peak of our war effort, it has been carefully estimated, we may have as many as fifteen million. Clearly the fight for power over such a bloc, no matter how it may be slit and chipped, is of vast significance to American democracy. Whither is American labor being led? What is the underlying philosophy, beyond mere collective bargaining, which inspires the spearhead of this leadership?

The AFL has always stood for a free economy, in which labor is merely one of the organized groups in our society. But since the war began, it has been forced to keep step with the more extreme demands of the CIO, which is pulled

by its own Left Wing. That is why the AFL has come out for graduated wage increases at the risk of inflation, and why it is endorsing a blurred carbon copy of the Reuther and Murray Plans.

Late in 1940, Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers issued his celebrated plan for speeding up the defense efforts of the automobile industry. He proposed a side-by-side production of planes and cars and declared that if his Plan were followed "it would be possible, after six months of preparation, to turn out five hundred of the most modern fighting planes a day," without decreasing the normal output of automobiles. Experts, both in the industry and in the government, studied the plan and shot it full of holes. Actually, nothing short of complete conversion could possibly adapt the automobile industry to plane production. And even after conversion, the President, asking the utmost of both the automobile and the airplane industries, requested only 125 planes a day in 1942 and 275 a day in 1943.

The fact is that the heart of the Reuther Plan was political rather than technical. And here it is:

We propose that the President of the United States appoint an aviation production board of nine members,

three representing the government, three representing management, and three representing labor. We propose that this board be given full authority to organize and supervise the mass production of airplanes in the automobile and automotive parts industry.

What Reuther here proposes is the triadic management of industry by government, management and labor. His plan, whether he chooses to know it or not, calls for nothing less than the fascist "corporation" in industry. Its chief importance today is that it paved the way for the Murray Plan, fathered by Phil Murray and in substance endorsed by Donald Nelson.

In a recent magazine article, Murray stated that the War Labor Board merely enforces a truce between industry and labor, and that the President should call a conference "to lay the groundwork for a system of industry councils." He says:

Each council shall consist of an equal number of representatives of management and of the labor union in the industry, together with one government representative, the latter to serve as chairman. . . . Above the industry councils would be a national planning board. . . . This board would supervise and coordinate the work of all the industry councils.

Then Mr. Murray sums up his objectives:

The *goal* is to have organized labor

help set up efficient production procedures and administrative policies. The *system* is to have labor cooperate with management on shop committees and industry councils. The *purpose* is to increase output and distribution of goods and services.

And, let us add, the *result* would be a totalitarian state, which would probably send Messrs. Reuther and Murray to a concentration camp, for neither gentleman is even remotely a fascist by conviction.

Even the immediate future of American labor is unpredictable. But one may venture several guesses. Lewis is down for the moment, but he is hardly out. The War Labor Board is headed for plenty of trouble unless it lays down a policy for its own guidance. The Left Wing forces in the CIO, which are pushing the whole labor movement to the left, may provoke a public reaction against organized labor, which in turn might lead Congress to forbid the extension of the closed shop, to put a ceiling on wages, and even to eliminate all overtime above forty hours. Both the AFL and the CIO are certain to fight desperately against such legislation — and for good reasons. For the reactionaries in Congress are most likely to mold such legislation to their heart's desire.

# SING, AMERICA, SING!

BY DOROTHY KISSLING

SING, America, sing and awaken the sleepers.  
The coastal thunder of guns is a dream to the dreaming,  
the drone of wings in the sky is a midge in the dark,  
whirring and whining; brush it away and turn  
and sink back in the pillow; this is not morning,  
even a sleeper can see with half an eye  
under a half-closed lid that the night is abysmal,  
the night is dark as destruction.

Not with a nightmare  
of battle and blood, of backs laid bare to the whiplash,  
of starving children, of women enslaved, of nations  
flattened like flies by a giant's palm, will you rouse them;  
these things are dreams that may plague a man any time  
he chances to feed indiscreetly. Not for a nightmare  
the slumbering animal awakens and is a man  
once more, with a man's stern eyes and a man's taut shoulders.

Sing, America, sing! Sing them the prairie  
empty under the stars, and the pioneer's cabin  
small on the furrowed plain; sing them the slave  
struck out of his chains and his head flung back and his tendons  
straightening at the sound; sing them the river  
rolling along in the wide white wash of the moonlight,  
rolling along in the moonlight down to the sea.  
Sing them the school in the sumac thicket, the children  
shouting and laughing at noon and the string ball soaring  
over the schoolhouse roof; sing them of worship,  
of women in Sunday bonnets, and back-country preachers

walking and talking with God in the cool of the evening;  
bid them remember their peace and their loves and their labors,  
how grim is the shadow behind them, how short is the time.  
For out of your singing, America, out of a murmur  
(remember . . . remember . . . remember . . . remember . . .  
remember . . . )  
gathering to a roar will the summons assail them:

Wake, and to arms, and defend! Have you heard of the harbor  
attacked by stealth in the dawn and its innocent dwellings  
cracked open like eggs, the American life-stuff within them  
spattered and spilled? It is not on the free list, that;  
not while a bullet is left, a grenade in the hand,  
or a fence rail torn from a fence; it is not on the free list,  
not while a man remains who remembers the morning  
he saw with his eyes or the eyes of his mind in the sunrise  
a child, or part of a child, from a blood-stained rafter  
dangle a scarecrow's arm.

Sing, America, sing;  
they have asked for it; sing for their dancing, their terrible dancing,  
their skeletons' waltz to the clucking and coughing of guns,  
their wild tarantelle to the bombs! Give tongue to an anger  
as clean as the core of a flame; set words to destruction  
and chant them an ode of the flexible fury of steel,  
the hissing of down-swinging blades; lay hammer to anvil  
and forge them a fiery hymn; they have struck you the chord,  
they have sounded the note; sing, sing, America, sing!



## DUNKIRK BILL

By LOUIS GOLDING

THERE isn't anything you can call up-to-the-minute about the tale of Dunkirk Bill, any more than there was about the performance of Colin P. Kelly not so long ago, or of Leonidas at Thermopylae some time earlier. But he came my way, this lad and the symbol he was, and I want to get him down in writing, before the details are blurred. For the months pass. The years pass. The masses that are deployed in conflict grow more enormous, extended over broadening arenas of land and sand and sea. The deeds and characters of certain individuals are told to the whole earth by all the multiplex agencies of recording. Others achieve their final moment with none but the sea-gull or the jackal to witness it. As for Dunkirk Bill, he chanced to come my way and I feel I have a sort of duty by him.

Dunkirk Bill was a plain A. B., an able seaman. So were his father and his three brothers. So were their fathers before them. They came from Rochester in the southern county of Kent, and as small

boys fished and swam in the River Medway, or went out blackberrying along the hedges. Then they grew a little older and went to sea. When they came back, it was girls rather than blackberries. They would take their girls out of an evening and have a pint or two of beer at the Crown and Anchor and think themselves gay dogs. After the next voyage, or the voyage after that, they might get married. By now, perhaps, their country was at war again. They would go out into more perilous seas. Each time they went the vast interrogation was scrawled upon the sky. Will they come back? Will they not come back?

As for this Bill, he was only nineteen. He had a girl, but it had only reached the going-out stage. He was a gay youngster and pretty tough; he could put on the gloves with the next one.

His tale is chiefly a Dunkirk tale. It happened like this. A short time before the evacuation began, while the BEF was retreating foot by foot upon the coast, the cruiser in

which Bill had just done a two years' commission in the Mediterranean hove to in Portsmouth. Normally the crew would have had some leave, prior to being redistributed into different ships, as the way of the Navy is. But the evacuation had already begun. It was felt that five or six hundred sailors might be useful one way or another in those operations; so the crew was sent en masse to Ramsgate, where a great many craft of the fabulous Dunkirk flotilla had already been assembled.

There, in an old barracks, the crew members breathlessly awaited orders. They were aware that every hour, every minute, counted. Not only ten thousand men, not only twenty thousand, but a hundred thousand men, even more than that, might be got away, if there were only boats enough, and men to handle them. Six hours passed and the lads had not yet been detailed. Twelve hours passed and they were still confined to barracks. What, they grumbled, what the hell were they waiting for?

It was night now. The sailors lay in their dormitories in full kit, for any moment the orders might come to tumble out on the job. The long night seemed an eternity. Murmuring, kicking, growling, the sailors fell off to sleep.

It was just before dawn that one sailor on the top floor nudged the lad in the cot beside him. The two rose silent as ghosts. They had been busy for some hours tearing the coverings of their mattresses into strips and plaiting them into a rope. They tied their rope around some piping and climbed nimbly out through a window to the ground below, like a couple of schoolboys going to keep a rendezvous with a village maid. Of this maid (her name was Danger) it can be said she had brighter eyes than most, and more alluring lips. One of these lads was my friend Bill; the other was Jim, his mate. That is all we need know of their names.

The two ran lightly down the streets of the town until they reached the quay-side. A few small boats were about to leave. They hailed one and then another, but they had already cast off their ropes. They ran quickly over to a third, just slipping its noose from the bollard. It was a trawler; *Edwina* the name was.

"Any room for a couple of sailors?" they called out.

The skipper eyed them for a moment or two. It was clear they had jumped their outfit. But was this a time to respect the punctilio of discipline? Besides, he had a six-pounder on deck. A couple of navy

boys would be nice and handy with the six-pounder.

"Jump in!" he ordered. They jumped across the widening ribbon of water. "Thank you, skip!" they grinned, saluting smartly as they landed.

## II

So Bill and Jim went off to Dunkirk on the trawler *Edwina*, and made two journeys there and back to Ramsgate again in that minute craft, which managed to stow away on each journey several hundreds of soldiers and sailors, officers and men, Britons and Frenchmen, living and dying.

It was all very exciting; the excitement has been described often enough and I don't need to do it again. There were fireworks on the shore and up in the sky and down under the sea. And when, coming away from Dunkirk on the second trip, Bill saw a flight of three planes with British markings come wheeling close down over the *Edwina*, he didn't pay much attention to them. He had just picked up a Bren gun on the beach, intact with its ammunition, and he was very pleased with it. Jim could stick to the old six-pounder.

Then the three planes came wheeling 'round on their wing-tips

again, and opened fire. They were either captured British planes or German planes with fake British markings. Anyhow, they raked the deck of the *Edwina* good and proper and Bill got thirteen machine-gun bullets in his back. One went in under the shoulder-blade and came clean out just below the heart. I saw what Bill's back looked like, just a couple of months later; like a great piece of strawberry shortcake, you might say. Bill wasn't very clear as to what happened during the next hour or so. He didn't even remember whether there had been a lot of pain tied up with it. For a time he leaned over a stanchion, his knees very groggy. Then somehow he slid down onto the deck. He managed to get the greater part of himself under the mountings of the six-pounder. But his legs were in the way. Yes, he remembered that. He didn't want to be a nuisance, everybody had such a lot to do; but there they were, those legs of his, and he couldn't do anything about it and people kept on tripping over them. Apart from that, it wasn't so bad.

Yes, that was the point he tried to make to me, weeks later in London, and the point he tried to make earlier to Jim, on the deck of the *Edwina*, with the life-blood oozing

slowly, steadily, from all those wounds.

"It ain't so bad, Jim, honest it ain't!"

He knew that he was dying. He had never given much thought to the subject before, but it really surprised him that dying was so easy (if only he could tuck his legs in out of the way). It was warm and drowsy and comfortable, with only the sweet smell of his blood in his nostrils, and his blood for a pillow. "Like getting back to your mum," he explained, a little helplessly. "See what I mean?"

Do I see what he meant? Did he feel himself merging again into the mother's womb, into that first warmth and shelter whence he had issued? Was that instinct strong within him because he was, after all, but a stripling, who had loosened himself not many years ago from his mother's leading-strings? Or do we all, even the oldest among us, have this sense of the return to the womb when the walls of Death's warm cavern are closing in on us? We will know sooner or later, I suppose.

"I 'ad to tell 'im!" Bill continued. "Summat told me that Jim was goin' to cop one, too. So I 'ad to tell 'im!" It took an awful long time, apparently, before Bill managed to attract Jim's attention. He

tugged and tugged away at the bottom of Jim's trousers, but he had very little strength in his fingers. Besides, Jim was very busy with that gun of his. At last Jim realized Bill had something to say to him. He bent down.

"Yus?" he said sharply. "Wot's wrong?"

He was not callous. He could see very clearly what was wrong. But the first job for a fighting man, when the fighting is on, is to get on with the job. Till that is over, there is no time for the love of mother or sweetheart or friend. When that is over, then you can start thinking of the calves' foot jelly . . . or the wreath of evergreen.

"I wanted to tell yer," Bill brought out. "It's all right, that's all. It ain't arf so bad, really it ain't!"

"Wot ain't so bad?" Jim rather truculently wanted to know.

"This 'ere . . ." Bill started. Then he stopped. Suddenly he felt very embarrassed. Dying and all that business . . . really, that's not the sort of stuff grown-up sailors discuss with each other. Like a couple of schoolgirls.

Bill didn't know where to look next. Yet he was dreadfully anxious to put his discovery over. He was more than ever certain



Jim was going to cop one. He felt it with all the blood that still remained in his diminishing blood vessels.

So out it came at last.

"This 'ere dyin', Jim! It ain't nuffin' to worry abaht! I just wanted to tell yer, see?" he mumbled apologetically.

And Jim stiffened. I give my own interpretation, not Bill's, of what happened next. With the profound intuitive wisdom of a woman, or a man three times his age, Jim realized there was only one thing he could do to save his friend. He must somehow shock him out of that deadly torpor which was creeping along his limbs and glazing his eyes. He must insult him black and blue, whip him with insults until he smarted and winced with fury.

So Jim got going. He called Bill a funk, a sissy, a yellow bastard, and quite a good deal more. He probably didn't know himself he had all those words. And they worked. Anger roared like a mill-race in Bill's outraged ears. The blood blazed in his cheeks. He exploded:

"To 'ell with yer, yer bleedin' son of a gun! I'm a sissy, eh? I'm yellow, eh? I'll show yer! I ain't bleedin' well goin' to die, see? I ain't goin' to die!"

### III

And that is how it was. It was not Bill that died upon this journey. It was this same Jim, his mate. The sense of foreboding that had come down upon Bill, clairvoyant in the incense of his own blood, had not lied to him. A bullet from a swooping plane went into Jim's forehead and killed him instantly, where he stood on the deck of the *Edwina*, tending his six-pounder. He had no opportunity to corroborate Bill's assertion that dying was nuffin' to worry abaht. Some other lad took on the six-pounder.

"Did you see Jim get it?" I asked. "Poor kid!"

"No!" said Bill. "I only got to know abaht it weeks later!"

"Did it upset you, Bill?"

He looked at me with a curious simplicity and candor.

"No!" he said, firmly. Then, slowly, he added: "You mustn't let things git yer dahn!"

How right the lad was! You mustn't let the Trojan Horse of feeling get in behind the ribs, or you will betray the whole fortress built up over many generations. And Bill got in at last to Rams-gate, alive, if only just alive, his skin still tingling with the irritation that had jockeyed him out of the dark torpor. Two or three other

small boats got in at the quay-side at Ramsgate about the same time as the *Edwina*. The work of disembarkation began. The unharmed survivors were collected in one group to be marched off. Further away was a group of motionless figures. These were the dead. There was no difficulty about *them*. There were two other groups, who required a less cursory examination. One was of lads who were evidently at the end of their tether. They might have an hour, or more, or less, to live, but they were done for. The other consisted of lads who were likely to pull through.

The doctor spent no time at all over Bill, practically no time at all.

"Over there!" the doctor muttered, pointing over his shoulder to the heap of the pretty well dead.

"No!" a voice came from Bill. "No!" He looked dead, but was not. "*I ain't goin' to die, I tell yer! I ain't goin' to die!*"

Perhaps those were the only words in the world that Bill could still enunciate, yet they left that broken and bloody frame with such clarity and defiance that doctor, nurses, orderlies, turned and stared. A look of pride came into their eyes and an assurance into their hearts. That was not only young Bill speaking. That was the whole British host speaking, that

had fought their way out of the Dunkirk trap and been brought back to their own shores in that grotesque and sublime armada. It was the whole of England speaking, encompassed by dangers more monstrous than she had ever experienced in her history before.

"*I ain't goin' to die!*" said England. "*I ain't goin' to die!*"

"Who said you're going to die, kid?" the doctor smiled, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder. "Take him where he belongs!"

They took Bill to a hospital at Deal not far from Ramsgate, and proceeded to remove the machine-gun bullets. While the operation was in progress, a bomb smashed up the hospital, so they put the plugs back into the holes and carried Bill and the surviving patients to a hospital in Bristol, which was thought to be safer. A bomb smashed up this hospital, too, but they managed to get the other bullets out. It was only six weeks after his second operation that I met Bill. He had already reported for duty again at the naval barracks in Chatham, but they had granted him a three-weeks' leave. He was en route for Rochester, where he and his brothers had bathed for minnows the long summer through, and themselves like

minnows darted among the clumps of reed.

In May of last year I received a letter from Bill's mother. "Dear Louis," she wrote, "I hardly know how to write and tell you about Bill, his ship was sunk by enemy action. All the news I have received is that he is missing. I keep hoping he has been picked up by a passing ship, but I am really afraid through the state of his lung. If I hear anything more, I will let you know at once." In October there came this further note. "Dear Louis. Well I am sorry to say there is no more news yet. Nearly six months now since Bill's boat was sunk and I heard officially last week that another son George had been missing since May. It was his first ship. He had only joined the ship three days before she went down. I have two other sons, Harry and Tom. They are also at sea." (She mentions the ships they were serving in.) "I just had the four boys. I hope they will be all right. Their father was drowned at Jutland. Bill said you like eel-pie. I make eel-pie nicely. Harry and Tom like it, too. I hope

some day you will come to Rochester and I will make a special eel-pie and Harry and Tom will also be there to have some. I am, yours sincerely, Bill's mother."

I trust that some day I will eat Bill's mother's eel-pie, and please the Lord, that both Harry and Tom will be there, too, to share it with us. As for Dunkirk Bill and George, his brother, and Jim, his mate, we will lift a glass of beer to their memory, the "old pig's ear," as they themselves would have called it in their Cockney rhyming slang. It would have been fine if Bill and George and Jim could have been there, too. But that is how wars are. I am sure that when it came to it, Bill remembered that dying wasn't nuffin' to worry abaht, it wasn't 'arf bad, really. He had been there before, after all.

Or they may have picked him up and he may be a prisoner of war somewhere. Well, 'ere's 'oping, as Bill said once, blowing away the froth of the old pig's ear. But a good many months have gone by already. And the sea utters no word.



# ONE TO FORGET

## *A Story*

BY FRANK K. KELLY

I WAS sitting there reading telegraph copy about the British fighting a tank battle in Libya, when Bert Kennett called Dave Kelcy over to his desk. The rest of the war had simmered down, so after I'd marked the British stuff for page one, I watched Dave talking to the managing editor. Dave was opening a fresh box of cough drops and Old Man Kennett waved both arms and I heard his voice crackle.

Pretty soon Dave came past the copy desk, limping a little. He was always having trouble with his feet.

"I got this new grand jury," he told me, glancing around for his hat.

"Fat Sam again?" I said. The circuit judge from the eastern part of the county kept trying to nail Fat Sam Coney, the pay-off man for the downtown gamblers.

"Yeah," he said. "Third time. We oughta be lucky."

He slid into the brown coat he

had worn the last five years I'd known him.

"The old man wants you to do the rewrite," he said. "He figures you know politics better than some of these fresh guys around here."

That burned me, after Kennett had pulled me off the city hall run because he said I knew too many politicians. And what the hell did that stuff matter now, when we had a war to finish up? Ted Small, the head of the copy desk, shrugged at me and Dave walked away before I had a chance to talk.

"You know what you got to do," Ted said. "While you're waiting, get your mind on this."

He threw me a war department communique. MacArthur and his men were holding on in the Philippines, with the Japs still trying to push them into the sea. That was where something was happening and even on the rim of the copy desk I could touch it, I could get the size of it. Reading the communiques, I had that feeling I got

at the races, watching two horses turn in the stretch with their heads together.

Just before I was supposed to go to lunch, Dave phoned the desk with the jury list and Small nodded me to the rewrite booth.

"How's the poker game coming?" I said.

"I never had luck," Dave said. "It's a good jury. There ain't any wheel horses or mob guys in this bunch. Only you better check 'em in the directory to make sure I got the names spelled right."

He got a judge's name wrong once and Bert Kennett kept him in the office a week, taking death notices. That made him careful.

I pulled a chair near the city directory. The jury people were all there, all with addresses in the good-homes district. One guy I checked closer than the others because he was named Roger W. Ransom; the name struck me kind of funny, it didn't sound real. But the directory said Ransom was a commission man in the livestock exchange.

A few minutes later Dave gave me the judge's speech to the jury.

"He says they got to continue their probe no matter who it hurts," Dave said, and he didn't laugh. "Law enforcement in this town has broken down, the judge

says, and it's notorious there is a connection between crime and politics."

"All right," I said. The wire was quiet and then Dave came back.

"That'll be enough this time. You check that jury list?"

"You even had the names spelled right," I said.

"I was worried about one guy, that Roger Ransom. Don't that sound like it's out of a book?"

"Well, it's in a book," I said. "The city directory."

Dave didn't pay any attention. "What's he do?"

"He's a livestock commission man, head of a firm, Ransom and Runyan."

Dave's voice was worried. "The hell he is. You sure about that part?"

"It's in the book. Could be wrong."

"You better check that twice. This guy's just a kid."

"Maybe he went up fast," I said. Dave was getting excited. He played his hunches.

"This guy got a telephone?" Dave said.

"His firm's listed, at the exchange building."

"Call over there and ask to talk to Mr. Ransom," Dave said. "And let me know right away. I got to see the judge."

He banged the phone. I went ahead and wrote what he had given me and then I called the commission firm.

"Mr. Ransom there?" I asked the switchboard girl.

"Who's calling, please?"

I told her. She had such a nice voice that what she said then didn't hit me as fast as it should have.

"He'll be free in a moment, if you'll wait, please."

There was going to be plenty to do now.

"Your boss gets around," I said. "The last I heard of him, he was in the jury room over in the circuit court."

The girl sounded as though she thought I was making conversation.

"Here's Mr. Ransom now," she said tartly. "He's been here all day."

A man's voice came on the wire.

"Mr. Ransom, did you receive a summons to serve on the grand jury in Judge Walker's court, beginning today?" I asked him, after I'd let him know I was speaking for the *Sun*.

"No, I didn't," the man said. "There must be some mix up."

I waited a minute before I gave it to him: "There's a guy serving on this jury, using your name."

Then I waited until he came down from the ceiling. "Let me

get this all straight, Mr. Ransom. You didn't get any summons. You've been in your office as usual. Mr. Runyan, your partner, will vouch for that. Your secretary will vouch for it, too. That right?"

"Of course it's right. But I don't understand this, this thing is incredible. I'll get in touch with Judge Walker immediately."

"We'll get in touch with him," I said. "I don't think you've got anything to worry about, Mr. Ransom." I hoped he hadn't.

I rang off and called Dave at the courthouse. He seemed a little sore.

"What you been doing?" he said. "I got the judge on my neck."

"Well, I got all you want. Ransom's in his office."

"I guess that means we got a hell of a lot to do."

"That's what I thought," I said. "You'll probably get a bonus."

"I never got one yet. Better tell Bert what we got."

Dave hung up while I was in the middle of a sentence. I went over to the old man's desk and waited until Kennett noticed me.

"It seems they got a ringer on the grand jury," I said.

The old man's face got a happy pink. I could see him thinking headlines.

"Write it," Bert said, bouncing out of his seat. "We'll kill some of the war stuff. Too damned much of that stuff. What's Dave doing? Let me see your new lead. Why doesn't Dave call me when he's got something? Get on it."

"That all?" I said.

"And get away from here. We got to make over."

I wrote the stuff I had and prayed for Dave to phone in. It was nine minutes later when he did. Starnes, the city editor, was leaning over me looking sour and the old man was growling. They'd held the edition.

"Here goes," Dave said. "The guy folded when the judge got to talking to him. It turns out his name is Brown and that's his right name, it sounds phony but I got a hunch that's his name, he's a little, young guy and looks like his name oughta be Jones or Brown."

"Now that's settled," I said. "What's his first name?"

"Oliver," Dave said. "Oliver Brown. No 'E' on the end of Brown. Lives at 4128 Chedwick. You got to check that, whether it's a street or an avenue, think it's an avenue. Well, he says he bought this summons from a bartender in the Banner Club, 38th and Chedwick. He says he's been out of work ten months and he's got a wife and

there's going to be a kid pretty soon."

"All the trimmings," I said. "Only this ought to be the week before Christmas."

"Yeah. So he paid this barkeep a dollar for the summons with the name Roger Ransom, figuring he'd make three dollars a day if he was picked as a jury man."

"Sounds like you dreamed part of this."

"Don't it? But it's what he told the judge. He says this barkeeper's name was Wally something and a lot of guys out in his neighborhood bought summonses from Wally."

"This Wally must be a salesman."

"Yeah. We better look up Wally and see what he's got to say. I hear the sheriff's sendin' a couple of deputies out to his saloon. You better get there."

"In a minute," I said. "How old is Brown?"

"Twenty-five. He says he used to work at the Ford plant. He's not a bad-looking little guy, except it looks like he's started a mustache."

"Hold the wire. Bert wants to talk to you."

While Dave was talking to the old man, I told Starnes that Dave figured there wouldn't be any more for me to rewrite for a while and that deputies were going to the

saloon at 38th and Chedwick.

"Follow that up," Starnes said.

"Call in with what you get."

## II

I finished the stuff Dave had given me and dropped it in the basket on my way through the office. Downstairs I caught a cab and told the driver where to go. I got to the Banner Club just ahead of a big car with a county license. Both of the deputies in the car were ones I knew.

We went in the saloon, which was a cheap place with half a dozen tables and a scarred bar ten or twelve feet long. A fat man with a thick head of black hair was cleaning the bar with a gray rag.

"Hello, Wally," the deputies said. The fat man looked at them and produced a couple of glasses.

"Sorry we can't have a drink," one of the deputies said. "We got to take you down. The judge thinks you been selling jury tickets."

"You got the wrong guy," the fat man said, his wide face looking hurt.

"It's Judge Walker," the deputy answered. "He wants to see you."

"Wait'll I lock up," Wally said. The deputies shrugged and the fat man went in a back room and shut the door.

"He could be a mile away by now," I said after a minute.

The deputies grinned at one another. "You know who he is. He's Fat Sam's brother and he'll get by this all right, he figures."

I thought he would, too. Wally emerged from the rear room, wearing a gray topcoat and a bright green hat with a feather in the brim.

"Know anybody named Oliver Brown?" I said as he went past me. He stopped.

"Sure, I know Ollie. He used to come in here, Saturdays. But he don't any more, since he lost his work."

The deputies wedged him between them in the county car. I started to get in the back seat. The talking deputy said: "You don't want to ride with us."

That was all right with me. I knew how things were going to go. I went across the street and called the office from a drugstore.

"No luck," I told Starnes. He was silent a second, and then:

"We'll send a photographer to pick you up. Go to Brown's house and talk to his wife. Get a picture of her. And get a picture of the house."

"Okay," I said. "I'll be here."

What good was all this chasing around, running a little guy down?



I wanted to know how MacArthur's men were doing. I wanted to take off my glasses and break the damned things, but I couldn't see anything without them. I knew I'd never get to see men in action that meant something.

I had time to drink a coke at the drugstore and forget about it before the photographer arrived. We drove to 4128 Chedwick and topped.

"You better stay in the car," I told the photographer.

"I'm supposed to get a picture of his wife."

"Well, I'll see if she wants to have her picture taken."

Brown's house was a white frame bungalow, with dark green shutters and lace curtains in the windows. When I knocked, a girl opened the door. She had on a neat apron and a house dress. I couldn't tell whether she expected anyone.

"I'm a jury investigator," I said. "We're making a check on everybody serving with the grand jury. Your husband is Oliver Brown, isn't he?"

She hesitated before she asked: "Won't you come in?"

Through the door I could glimpse the living room, bare but very clean, with a couple of easy chairs and a sofa and a small rug on the floor. It looked like a decent

place to live. I couldn't figure what good I'd do by going in there and asking her a lot of questions she shouldn't answer. Maybe he hadn't told her he was trying a fast one. If she knew, she probably couldn't have stopped him.

"I won't need to come in," I said. "I understand your husband worked at the Ford plant. Could you give me his foreman's name? I'll check his record there."

She gave me the name. Then she turned, startled, and I caught a flash in the edge of my eye and I knew the photographer had taken a shot of the house.

"That's all I'll need," I said. "Good afternoon."

For some reason I stumbled, going down the two steps from the porch. At the end of the walk I got back in the car. The photographer had the motor running.

"She doesn't want her picture taken," I said. "She isn't talking."

"I took a long shot when she was on the porch, but the light's bad. I don't think I got anything."

We drove to the office. Dave had come in from the courthouse. He was sitting at the last desk on the rewrite aisle, humped over a typewriter.

"God, I got a sore throat," he said, when I dropped into a chair near him. He always got a sore

throat when it came to pounding a story into shape.

"Want me to round it up?" I offered. He straightened his shoulders and slid back in his chair.

"Might be better," he said. He had another box of cough drops. "You get to Brown's house?"

"There and the Banner Club. I drew blanks."

"This Brown is in a spot," Dave said. "I figure the judge'll give him about two years."

"Any tie-up with Fat Sam?" I said. "He's got a finger in this somewhere."

"Sure," Dave said. "This smart Wally is Sam's brother, I guess you knew that. And Wally knows a lot of guys in the sheriff's office and gets hold of all the summonses he wants. Brown told the judge Wally bought him free drinks when he talked about what went on while they were picking the jury."

I could tell that Dave knew there was nothing to lead from Brown through Wally to Fat Sam.

"With Brown on the jury, Sam and Wally had a pipeline," Dave said. "He was a dumb little guy and he'd talk to his bartender. They've been planting guys like Brown on juries all the time. Some of them knew more than Brown."

"You talk like you're sorry for Oliver," I said.

"I guess I am. Looks like Brown is the guy they're going to hang this on."

With Dave looking over my shoulder, I finished the night lead. We went to the desk and I gave the copy to Starnes while Dave walked over to see Bert Kennett.

"You two are through for the day," Starnes muttered. "Good work."

I shuffled through the wire service bulletins, waiting for Dave. The British were racing back and forth in the desert and MacArthur was still holding. I got that feeling in my chest, feeling the size of what was going on.

Riding down in the elevator with Dave, I asked him: "You get that bonus?"

"He let me shake his hand."

We walked to a saloon named Lennon's, a block from the office, and got in a booth where there was a bowl of popcorn.

"I could use a row of beers," Dave said to the waiter, and I nodded.

Dave took off his hat and rubbed his forehead. He was getting more wrinkles than a washboard. The change I noticed in him year by year was that he got thinner and his face grew more like a hopeful question mark. He would never quit being a quick reporter and

that was the best thing a guy like him could be.

"That Brown," Dave said. "He sure picked himself a spot. Can you figure anybody buying a jury summons, for a buck? Guys go around loose like that, and not knowing any better."

"He sold himself out," I said. I couldn't worry about it. The waiter brought the beers and Dave poured his down.

"Well, he didn't know what the hell he was doing," Dave said.

"It's one you got to forget," I said. "It happens all the time."

With a slow and heavy movement, Dave twisted his head and I knew he was sore at me for a min-

ute. I'd known him since he started on the paper, after he'd left the Army at the end of the last war. He played his hunches and sometimes he had the right hunch on the way things would happen.

"You know too damned many politicians," he said. "You think people are dumb. They're slow, but not all of 'em are dumb."

He took a handful of popcorn and called the waiter.

"Say, how did our side do today?" he asked me. "Old Mac-Arthur still pitching?"

He always talked about the war as though it were a baseball game.

"Yeah," I said. "We made some scores."

## SPRING SONG

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THE day is like a bell  
Rung suddenly in many tones of green,  
Sprung full and clear-toned well  
Into the rounded air. . . .

I had been  
Jarred by all the jagged friction of the world,  
The clap-tone in my ear of lashing sound,  
When the great swaying swirl of spring was hurled  
In thunderous green against the ground. . . .

Staccato ring

Time's carillons, purging here-and-now;  
Like lurching bells, the new leaves swing  
Along the leaping bough.

# WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BOMBS

BY ERLING F. IVERSON

EVERYBODY knows, in a general way, what a bomb looks like: a missile which may be as small as two pounds or as large as two thousand pounds; cased in a shell made of cast iron, forged steel, sheet metal or magnesium; filled with numerous kinds of explosives, incendiary materials, gases, sand or water. The complete armament includes the following types: incendiary, light and medium case demolition, fragmentation, armor-piercing, chemical, smoke, submarine, time, parachute, practice and dummy bombs. Each is specially designed for the destruction of a specific kind of target.

Citizens who think that these deadly engines drop with a speed which makes shelter-seeking academic will be comforted to know that they have more time to save themselves than they think. This interval is sometimes the difference between life and death, as the people of Barcelona learned from the raiding Italian bombers. By tacking on twenty-six seconds to their two minutes' warning, the

Barcelonians knew approximately how much time they had to reach shelter. Twenty-six seconds is the flight time of a bomb falling from an airplane traveling two hundred miles per hour at an altitude of 10,000 feet. From 20,000 feet, the time is thirty-eight seconds. Bombs fall at a terminal velocity of eight hundred feet per second in the case of a hundred-pound bomb, twelve hundred feet per second for a one-ton missile. To visualize the speed and impact of a bomb, imagine that some object is dropped from the top of a sixty-five-story skyscraper and crashes on the sidewalk in less than a second.

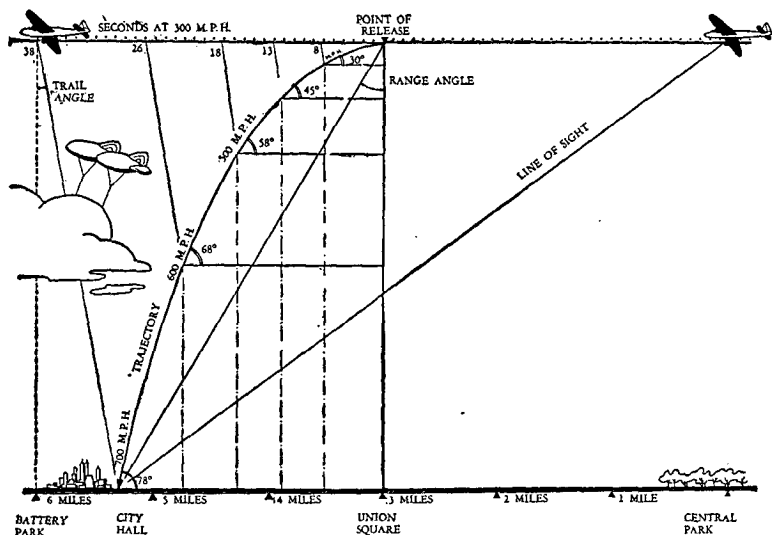
Obviously, the energy generated when a bomb hits is tremendous. For instance, a thousand-pounder falling from twenty thousand feet will penetrate about twenty feet of soil, thirty-five feet of clay, two feet of concrete, or about twenty floors of a tall building. From the direct hit of a bomb of this size, skyscraper dwellers are not much safer than other people. While it is true that bombs ordinarily explode

on contact or a fraction of a second later, when they would still be in the upper floors, it is also true that they fall at an angle and consequently might come through a wall or window and explode anywhere from the roof to the sub-basement. Of course, small bombs and near hits would have little effect on such structures. To cause the collapse of the Empire State Building, for instance, would require at least ten direct hits by heavy demolition bombs on the same side of the structure, which would be an extremely difficult feat.

When a bomb strikes and explodes, it produces what is called a near effect, or reaction within a twenty- to thirty-foot radius, and a

distant effect which takes place beyond that zone. The near effect of a medium-sized bomb detonating on the surface is a powerful blast pressure of five thousand pounds per square foot. A well-built, twelve-inch brick wall could withstand a blow of three thousand pounds per square foot, if it were not weakened too much by fragments. Immediately after this blast wave comes a suction wave. It is only about a third as strong as the pressure wave, but it lasts from three to six times longer with the result that walls frequently fall towards the center of an explosion instead of being pushed away.

The principal distant effect is the smashing of windows hundreds



of feet away, and similar damage caused by air vibrations. These are not bodily movements of air, as is often mistakenly assumed, but are variations in air pressure caused by the explosion. Still another effect is the bursting of the bomb casing, which shatters partly into dust and partly into several thousand fragments varying in size from a pea to a walnut. These splinters may be thrown as far as a mile, but their effective range is much less: from one hundred to five hundred feet, depending upon the size of the bomb.

A human being caught, without shelter, in a 30-foot radius of a bomb explosion is torn to pieces. Beyond this area, and at a distance of two hundred to four hundred feet, he might suffer death or injuries from the flying steel fragments. Blast and suction effects would do little more than knock him over, although the blast might shatter his ear-drums and cause internal injuries at short range. The only other danger lies in the splinters and flying débris likely to rain down several seconds after the explosion. Steel helmets, of course, reduce this danger. A thousand-pound bomb falling in the middle of a business street in a great modern city would do no more damage to buildings in the immediate

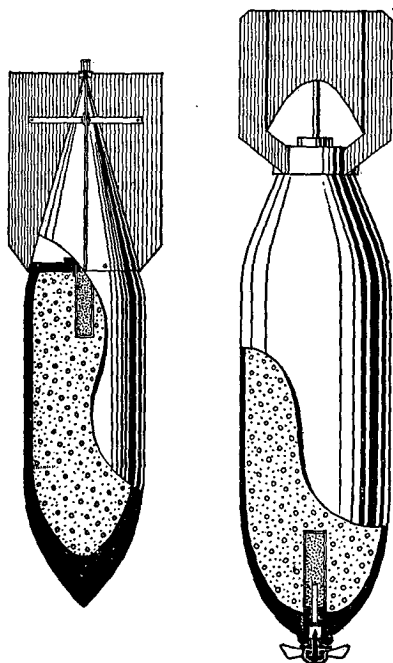
vicinity than to smash windows and blow away sections of masonry — provided the structures were built on a steel-and-concrete framework. If they were of masonry and wood only, the buildings would collapse. The same type of bomb, falling in a residential street, would collapse the walls of every house within a radius of one hundred feet. More far-reaching damage might result if the bomb were of the land mine variety, which explodes on the surface, but a thousand-pound demolition bomb penetrating the street would have approximately the effect just described and, in addition, would destroy all sub-surface utilities in the area.

## II

Most spectacular of all aerial weapons is the demolition bomb, intended for both military objectives and civilian targets. It comes in various sizes. The smallest weighs one hundred pounds and is now obsolescent for demolition purposes; the most widely-used is medium-sized and weighs from 250 to 550 pounds; The largest is an experimental German giant, rarely used, weighing four thousand to five thousand pounds.

Thin-walled demolition bombs have a high *explosive* power, while

those with heavy armor encasing them have a great *penetrating* power. Both these characteristics are incorporated in a so-called medium case bomb, which has been proved efficient for use against strongly-constructed targets like shipyards, power plants, heavy industrial buildings and warships.



LEFT — A German-type, 330-pound demolition bomb with heavy walls, a hardened steel case, and a relatively small explosive charge.

RIGHT — An American-type general purpose bomb, weighs three hundred pounds, has thin walls and as large a charge (150 pounds) as possible.

It carries an explosive charge which comprises from 25 to 40 per cent of its total weight. A heavy case missile of two thousand pounds, dropped from about twenty-five thousand feet and falling nearly vertically at a velocity of 1200 feet per second, should be able to penetrate ten inches of mild steel and possibly five inches of armor plate.

Successful bombing of small, individual targets is extremely difficult. The Nazis, for example, tried to bomb bridges in London and other towns, as well as the two large railroad spans between Edinburgh and Dundee in Scotland, and finally gave up the attempt. So many bombs fell around and near the Thames bridges without hitting them that Londoners soon began to consider these spans as shelters rather than obvious targets.

A far more effective weapon against civilian populations is the incendiary bomb, whose ancestry begins with the flaming arrows used in warfare thousands of years ago. Today's efficient product, invented by the Germans during the first world war, is of the light magnesium thermite type. It is both small and light, and because of its blunt nose it has little penetrating power. Where a larger incendiary bomb might pierce a house com-

pletely and burn out on the cellar floor, the two-pounder barely penetrates the roof. It lodges in the attic, where there is plenty of timber, dust and rubbish to kindle a fire.

The incendiary bomb weighs from two to five pounds, occasionally more. It is a magnesium alloy case or cylinder two inches in diameter and roughly twelve inches long; this is filled with thermite. With the exception of sheet iron tailfins, the whole weight is incendiary material.

When the bomb strikes, the thermite burns fiercely for about a minute, emitting jets of flame from a half-dozen vent holes in the bomb case and throwing burning metal about twenty feet. Thermite burns at a temperature estimated to be five thousand degrees Fahrenheit and it cannot be extinguished. It contains enough oxygen to make it burn even under water. The magnesium case burns for about fifteen minutes. Flaming, white-hot metal flowing like water over the floor will burn through the average wood floor in five minutes and start another fire in the story below.

Magnesium can be smothered because it needs oxygen to sustain combustion and the radiated heat can be reduced by putting several

inches of sand, earth or slag over and under the bomb. The early British method of picking up the bomb on a shovel and carting it off in a bucket partly filled with sand was abandoned, because of the danger in handling. Additional danger comes from the Nazi practice of putting in their incendiaries an explosive charge which frequently goes off as long as two minutes after impact. The better method, now practiced, is to use a fine spray of water from a safe distance on the burning magnesium and surrounding woodwork, causing the magnesium to flare up and burn itself out in a minute. Full protection against light incendiaries can be achieved by constructing roofs in dangerous areas with four to six inches of reinforced concrete, a precaution which has been required in congested areas in Germany for the past five years.

To fight incendiaries, every medium-sized apartment house should have at least one stirrup-type water pump easily accessible on the upper floor, together with two buckets of water and two or three burlap bags half-filled with sand to be thrown over the fire bomb. A large, long-handled shovel for handling additional sand is also recommended and a shield, such as the lid of a large ash can or a wet

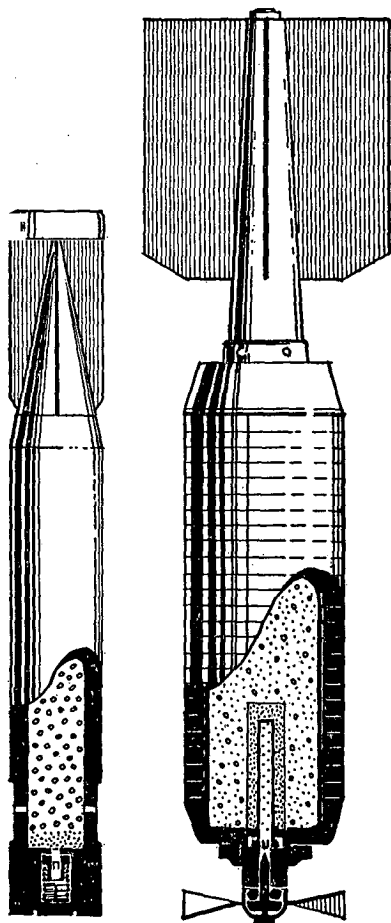


blanket, will be useful if one needs to approach nearer than twenty

feet to the bomb. Incendiaries rarely come in through windows and they bounce in the street if they do not pierce the roof of a building, consequently there is much less need for fire-fighting equipment on the lower and intermediate floors. It is most essential, however, to have during raids a pair of trained men on the roof of every apartment house, ready to deal with a fire before it gets out of control.

Fragmentation bombs are the smallest high-explosive bombs in use today. They run in weight from seventeen to forty pounds. Descended from the hand grenade, this bomb's main purpose is to throw steel splinters. Soldiers call it the "personnel" bomb because it is used chiefly against unprotected personnel. In low-level attacks with fragmentation bombs, some of the missiles are provided with small parachutes which open as soon as the bombs are released. This cuts down their momentum and lets them float down vertically upon the target, as does a land mine.

Shattered by its five-pound charge of TNT, the bomb breaks up into more than one thousand lethal fragments, each more or less cubical in shape, about four-tenths of an inch in each dimension.



LEFT — A typical German two-pound magnesium-thermite incendiary bomb is fourteen inches long, two inches in diameter.

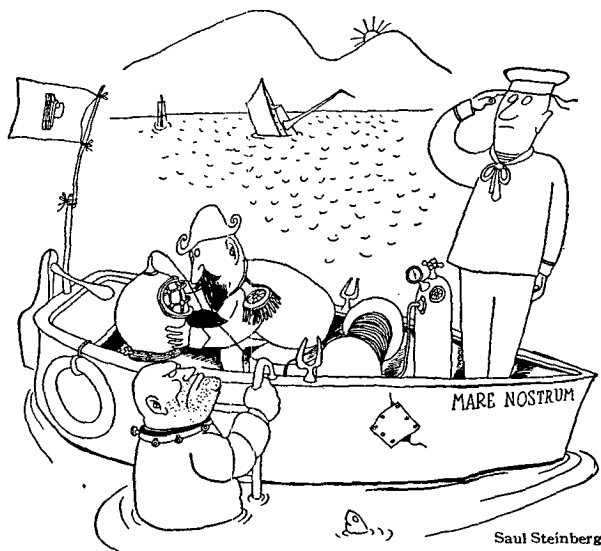
RIGHT — A thirty-pound fragmentation bomb, four to five inches wide and about two feet long, has an explosive charge of only five pounds.

weighing about a quarter of an ounce. These fragments have an initial speed of six thousand feet per second, or more than twice the muzzle velocity of an Army rifle bullet, and they are able to travel several hundred yards.

At close range, the steel fragments have an extremely high penetrating power. They have been known to pierce one-inch mild steel plates, eight inches of brick masonry or concrete, and more than a foot of woodwork. The civilian's best protection is dry sand; the fragments usually stop after penetrating four to eight

inches at twenty feet. Used against unprotected refugees, as the Nazis did on the roads and highway of France, Belgium and Holland, fragmentation bombs are horribly efficient.

The Nazis make a practice of dropping these missiles on and around burning buildings, because the fragments kill and injure firemen, puncture hoses and pumps and generally reduce the chance of putting out the fire. In Libya, the British were very successful in their use of fragmentation bombs against hangars, unprotected vehicles and grounded aircraft.



*Il Duce prepares to review the Italian fleet*

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *Inside Play Production*

WHAT originally promised to be one of the best theatrical evenings of the season was — and with God's help may, at this writing, possibly still turn out to be — the exhibit called by the group title, *Life, Laughter and Tears*, and made up of two short plays by William Saroyan and one by Sean O'Casey. The Saroyan plays are *Hello Out There* and *Coming Through the Rye*; the O'Casey play is *The End of the Beginning*.

*Hello Out There* is an uncommonly potent little drama which utilizes as instruments to project a plea for understanding and justice a man in a Texas jail cell accused of rape and hearing from far-off the approach of a lynch mob, and a slavey around the prison who is drawn to him through the loneliness and despair of her own humble, forlorn and vacant life. Written with a directness not hitherto associated with its author, it exercises a driving effect and, relatively short as it is, it is yet an immensely more eloquent play on its theme than any half-dozen such lengthier

efforts as *Too Many Heroes* or *They Shall Not Die*.

*Coming Through the Rye*, which is in the scattered fantasy form more usual to its author, pictures a variety of men, women and children awaiting imminent birth into the world, but already fully cognizant of the shape their lives are to have. The quasi-Maeterlinckian theme is only sketchily developed by Saroyan, yet for all its shortcomings and here and there regrettable lapses, the little play has a winning freshness, warm gentility and antic drollery.

*The End of the Beginning* is a coup in slapstick humor, but slapstick humor with a difference. The difference is the interpretation of character through the whackslat rather than the slat for its own sake. The result is an hilarious bout between paraphrases of O'Casey's memorable Fluther (*The Plough and the Stars*) and Joxer (*Juno and the Paycock*) who are presented in the position of trying to operate a household abandoned by the testy spouse of one of the twain.

Repeating that the evening, when I reviewed it in the tryout period on the road, had in it potentialities to give the sick season its first and badly needed shot in the arm, I proceed to a business not customarily engaged in by a reviewer, to wit, an instructive description of what the production had to go through in its early preparatory stages and a gaping wonder, in view of what happened, that it emerged in any stage at all. My excuse for this indelicatessen was an initial affection for the manuscripts of the three plays, which the authors had sent to me and which, in turn, I had sent with my critical recommendation to Mr. Eddie Dowling for possible production.

This Dowling, who is more appreciative of and hospitable to desertful manuscripts than the great majority of his fellow producers — as he has testified in the past — read the scripts, admired them, and said that he would be delighted to do them immediately. There was only one hitch: he allowed he didn't have the necessary gravy, or money as it is known in less refined circles. Since such money, the world being what it is, is somewhat essential to putting on a show, it was meet that he get hold of some, and get hold of the

required amount he presently did but with a string tied to it.

The string in question was the backers' imposed stipulation that — as though he weren't a sufficiently proven director himself — he take on in that capacity a young man named Schuyler Watts, hitherto unidentified in the theatre save as one who had monkeyed with the text of *Hamlet* for the disastrous Leslie Howard production of the play some five years ago. Peremptorily announcing that he was to be complete boss of the entire works, and expressing his skepticism that Dowling knew anything at all about either producing or acting, this amateur proceeded to go gravely about the job of creating the production.

His first move was to hire as scene designer a fancy unknown youth of twenty-one or two christened Oliver Smith. This virtuoso, operating in artistic collaboration with him, forthwith executed three settings that, when I deposited eyes on them at a try-out performance in the McCarter Theatre at Princeton, laid me in the aisle.

The set for the first play, described by O'Casey as the kitchen of a small Irish cottage, disclosed something that closely resembled a cross between the grand salon of a Hollywood Spanish villa and the

reception hall of a Tyrolean chalet, the staircase in turn looking like something out of a Doge's Venetian palace picked up at a Hearst auction sale. The ceiling was handomely frescoed in pale pinks, mauves and blues, apparently to catch the effect of a sunrise on the Bay of Naples; what looked vaguely like ecclesiastical stained-glass windows were to be observed at the rear; and the tablecloths and other appurtenances befitted some particularly recherché tea-room. The O'Casey roughhouse humors were naturally baffled by the setting and much of the comic stage business couldn't be distinguished by the audience for the interposition of the elaborate furnishings and their obscuring Luna Park colorings.

When all this was pointed out to Watts by the management, he is said to have replied loftily that the setting was perfect for the play, inasmuch as it was, in his analysis, not a farce or comedy at all but a "satirical museum piece," and that too much humor would be quite ill-suited to it!

The set for *Hello Out There*, which was plainly indicated by Saroyan to be a cell in a small Texas prison, was beheld to be the doggonedest contraption seen since Salvador Dali last fell off the water

wagon. In the center of the stage was a huge menagerie cage on a movable platform and behind it a gala panorama of windmills, something that looked like eucalyptus trees, and what not else. During the action, the cage was rolled down to the footlights and then slowly away from them, as in an Earl Carroll chorus number in which the tenor sings *My Honolulu Honey, It's Aloha*. Since the play's whole point is the protagonist's complete isolation from the outside world and his futile effort to have it hear his cry, the effect of the set's great open spaces, to say nothing of the cage that gave him a ridiculous kinship to the Ringlings' Gargantua, may be imagined.

When all this was in turn pointed out to Watts by the management—including John Tuerk, its experienced business head—he is said to have retorted regally that he would permit the set to be simplified and changed only over his dead body, inasmuch as the play was, in his analysis, not what Saroyan had thought it was, to wit, an exercise in approximate realism, but a "fantastic dream"!

The set for the third play, *Coming Through the Rye*, described by Saroyan as "a large room beyond which is visible, in varying degrees of light and movement, infinite

space — sun, moon, planets, stars, constellations, and so on,” became under Virtuosi Watts’ and Smith’s magic a tight, three-walled room painted to resemble the Marine Grill of the Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City.

At stage left, there was a red-grilled window of the species favorite of the old Alice Foote Macdougall tea-rooms; at stage right, an open small brown door of the kind customarily encountered in the gents’ rooms of Eighth Avenue saloons; on a table at right, an enormous public address system through which was funneled, with the volume of a Sixth Avenue auctioneer, a ham basso profundo in lieu of the “solemn but witty” voice of the Creator nominated by the author; and at the back of the room, instead of the stipulated infinite space, there was a bluish flat wall almost perfectly suited to a Harlem funeral parlor.

When all this was again in turn pointed out to Watts as being unimaginatively corruptive of the play, he is said to have agreed that the toilet door might possibly well be removed but that the rest was thoroughly okeydoke, inasmuch as the play was, in his analysis, not the fantasy its author oddly believed it to be, but a satire!

## II

The costumes were something else again. The plain, forty-five-year old Irish *hausfrau* of O’Casey’s play, whom O’Casey had clad in an overall, was dressed like the soubrette shepherdess in a Gaiety musical comedy: short, pale blue skirt with sheer, light silk stockings, jaunty straw hat, French high-heeled shoes, etc. The young feminine love interest of *Coming Through the Rye* was presented in a long, form-fitting, slinky, blue-black satin gown strewn with gold ornaments that needed only Valeska Suratt singing *If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon* or Theda Bara rolling on a sofa with Francis X. Bushman to make it moderately appropriate. The members of the Texas lynch mob in *Hello Out There* had apparently just returned from playing in a tennis tournament. And it was insisted that Steve, the character with a lech for women in the second Saroyan play, couldn’t possibly in view of that lech wear a linen shirt but necessarily and logically had to wear a sweater!

The direction of the themselves fully competent players, as it was appraised by your reporter at one of the try-out performances, was something to make the hair on an

askan malemute stand on end and the malemute itself rush out and bite the first half-dozen Eskimos who bore even a faint resemblance to Gustav Blum. At the conclusion of *Hello Out There*, the lavey, who in Saroyan's script rises slowly and painfully from the floor to which she has been thrown, was directed to speak her lines in the erect, heroic posture of the Statue of Liberty and, to add to the absurdity, the platform on which she stood was in the meantime moved rhythmically backward from the footlights as in a Folies Bergère grand finale. The small colored boy in *Coming Through the Rye* was made to count 1-2-3 to himself before each of his lines, giving the poor kid, who in his natural delivery was excellent, the appearance of playing a shadow version of hop, skip and jump. And the heroine in the same play — in the author's designation a gay, simple, carefree creature — was placed in charge of a carriage instructor from the Hudson beauty works, that her walk might achieve an imperious, fashionable mien.

The two leading players in the realistic *Hello Out There* were given written instructions to remember carefully a "mistique" reading of their lines, and those in O'Casey's

literal farce were impressed with the director's conviction that the play was "expressionistic" and, sourer, that their delivery of O'Casey's sock-'em laughs should be of such a nature that the laughs should "undulate," whatever that might mean, and should never come positively to the surface. There should also, it was specified, be an "inner rhythm" to the movement (in O'Casey's design, a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out hell-raiser) and to this end an assisting metronome was suggested. Another such metronome, incidentally, was recommended for *Coming Through the Rye*.

The little boy Butch, in the last-named play, was directed to stand close to the footlights and keep tossing a baseball up and down, which so irritated and distracted the audience that it could not fasten its attention on the dialogue. The girl in *Hello Out There* was made to prowl around the outer side of the prison cage like a house-detective in a Philadelphia hotel, making it incumbent on the man in the cage to keep turning his head rapidly this way and that, as at a three-ring circus. And at odd moments, Mr. Dowling, who was in the cage, was directed to crawl around the floor as if searching frantically for a lost collar-button.

Which is just the merest hint of the general directorial genius.

### III

Some other select savories. Someone had caused the play programs to subdivide the group title into three parts and gratuitously to identify the several plays respectively as *Life*, *Laughter*, *Tears*, thus affronting the audience's intelligence by instructing it when it was expected to laugh, to cry, and to ruminate. Since the two Saroyan plays were written separately and originally were not expected to follow each other, and since both accidentally had protagonists from the state of Texas, it was overlooked that an audience might naturally be confused into imagining that the second play was a kind of continuation of the first, particularly as murder figured in both. Simply changing the reference to Texas in the second play to Ohio, Indiana or anything else would have turned the trick, but nothing was done.

The stage lighting for O'Casey's farce and Saroyan's fantasy was largely of a dim piece, killing the comedy of the former and making the latter at times unintentionally humorous. And such suggestions

as incorporating into the fantasy silent old Jew sitting apart, who would finally, as the character were departing for earth, go up to a mutt in the girl's arms, lightly pat its head, and sigh "Me and you!" and who would be followed to earth by the little Negro and then a length by a young Catholic priest — thus in a flash dramatizing the prejudices to be encountered and suffered in the world — such suggestions were abruptly spurned. And was a suggestion for the final curtain, with toy firecrackers heard faintly popping far below and with the voice of God gently remarking to itself: "My children on earth seem to be having trouble among themselves once again. Won't they ever learn the lesson my Boy tried to teach them?"

That this shambles — its New York opening properly and fortunately deferred — may be resolved by someone into the reputable production it richly deserves to be is a consummation devoutly to be whooped for. It would be the pity of pities to see such scarce and valuable materials thrown to the winds. For they even managed measurably to triumph, difficult as it is to believe, over the preliminary burden of producing ignorance that was imposed upon them.



# DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

## *Cottontail: A Triumph of Wild Nature*

*"What is a country without rabbits and partridges? They are among the most simple and indigenous animal products; ancient and venerable families known to antiquity as to modern times; of the very hue and substance of Nature, nearest allied to leaves and to the ground. It is hardly as if you had seen a wild creature when a rabbit bursts away, only a natural one, as much to be expected as rustling leaves. The rabbits are still sure to thrive, like true natives of the soil, whatever revolutions occur."*

THUS Henry David Thoreau, nearly one hundred years ago. And now in 1942, with planet-wide revolution sizzling and thundering in a fashion which the old woods watcher could never have envisaged, and a blacker darkness spreading over all man's civilization than ever settled in any moonless midnight upon Walden Pond, the rabbits continually thrive. The passenger pigeons that Tho-

reau watched and loved are gone forever; pine-pungent and cedar-pungent timberlands that stirred response in his lonely, unapproachable and earth-close heart, have been laid waste irreparably; against impatient and rapacious men, gun-armed and "rebelliously heretic to the ordinances of natural charity," the upland plovers have not been able to survive to cry their bubbling cry among the bayberry patches and the prairie grass. But the rabbits remain. The crack of guns, the loosing of dogs, have not been able to extirpate the soft-furred cottontails from their green-thicketed homeland. The passing of the wilderness and the growth of towns to megalopolitan proportions have not defeated these natural ones.

In these early May mornings now — when to heavy-hearted men of good will it must often seem that the old natural decencies, the old Eden-peace, hang by a tenuous and precarious thread in a doomed world — there is still to be observed in any woodlot or hay

meadow or unbuilt suburban patch of grass a spectacle of curious reassurance: a browsing rabbit, gentle-eyed and delicate-eared and soft of fur, with the tranquillity and peace of earth in his persistent blood, and the dew of the morning on his small, warm muzzle.

Old Henry David Thoreau judged that the strength of the natural is very great, great enough so that all assaults against it and all attempted errancies from it must inevitably perish, like small, fretful cross-currents before the flow of a river. And to this woods-mystical, fields-mystical, earth-mystical judgment—as to many another of old Henry David's—there stands the testimony of the small, grass-browsing cottontail, insuppressibly eloquent of the wild, free heart, the peaceable and the natural and the strangely undestroyable, pursuing now unchangeably its quiet little earth-harmonious life in a world where many crafty men have thought to evade and violate the natural tendencies and patterns of their earth, and have seen their willful, wayward schemes come ultimately to bitterest frustration. The man of Walden loved sycamores and pickerel only more than he loved transcendental sayings and he liked to utter with a grim serenity: "God is not mocked."

We speak and think today in other terms. But in the cool of morning, in the distracted year 1942, the sight of a cottontail munching in its brier patch can still obscurely reassure us, if we like to think about it, that a dedication to ideals of freedom, of peaceableness, of the natural against the cruelly perverse, is not a cleaving to an idyllic absurdity or a biologically hopeless dream. It is cleaving, rather, to a strong and central tendency that is everlasting in our earth. The wild doves go the plovers pass; here, in a particular, the spirit of natural peaceableness is briefly assaulted by men of ill will; there, in a particular, the primal tendencies are ephemerally checked; but these things pass, and the planetary life force moves undeflected again in the rhythm which were ever its inmost pulse-beat: freedom and instinctive justice and the co-operation of the creature with its kind. Destroy the wild birds, and new legions of wild wings of another kind are multiplying to make intricate and often terrible amends. Lay waste the earth of growing things, and winds and rains and secret seeds are in undefeatable conspiracy. Loose hate upon the world, so that momentarily it seems hate's spirit has triumphed, and still there works, like

a hidden rot-mold in a berry, the force that will ensure the triumph's hollow failure. Still in the green brier patches, the cottontails — preposterous and profound symbol — exult in the light of the sunrise and sniff with soft, warm little muzzles the earth-fragrance of the beginning day.

It is not mystical fancy, but only biological truth untechnically stated, to say that the men of good will, in a curiously subtle and not always immediately perceptible way, have nature on their side. The deep certainties of their hearts and the yearnings in their blood are not an idle and earth-alien dream. They touch a secret in the incorruptible plasm of the nature of things.<sup>1</sup>

## II

Quietly, quickly, in the spring night, the female rabbit digs and scrabbles among the tall stems of meadow grass. As she excavates the shallow earth depression, her soft pivotal ears, warm and delicate as a deer mouse's, turn this way and that and listen: owl hoot, fox yap, the patter of a weasel, all distant, none menacingly close. She paws

aside the night-cool earth, until the cavity is five or six inches deep. It is perhaps the third she has dug. A week earlier, in the May darkness, she may have dug a hollow in the sidehill corn lot, and then, in the rabbit way, have hidden in a near-by blackberry tangle and watched it. Possibly it was found by a fox; and she ran scuttering and zigzagging through the darkness, and that nest site was abandoned. The second cavity which she dug and watched may have been in too low-lying land; a shower filled it with rain water. Now she has dug this third, among the tall grass stems, and has watched it and seen no harm come to it, and the foetal babies are kicking imperatively in her womb. She crouches in the earth cavity and turns around and around, shaping and modeling, as does a nest-building bird. With dry leaves and withered grasses she makes a lining, and then plucks out tufts of the soft, thick fur from her breast and sides, and pats them into place to make a furry cup, and finally pulls into place a covering of weed stalks and dried leaves to make a roof.

She grows quiet now in the darkness, listening to the night sounds of bats and distant owls and stridulous crickets, breathing the night exhalations from the furrowed farm

<sup>1</sup> Extraordinarily suggestive, whether to biologists or theologians or farmyard philosophers, are the papers presented by Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee and Dr. Alfred E. Emerson at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Dallas, Texas, on December 29, 1941.

fields and the spring-leaving woods. There issue from her presently, as several times each year, the three to seven blind and helpless squirming babies which will shortly be ready — quickly maturing like all much-preyed-on things — for adulthood as a new generation of soft-footed, wary-treaded, gentle-hearted browsers among the meadow grass and nibblers of mushroom caps under the moon.

Family rearing is one of the three primary rites composing rabbit life, as in all other natural lives. Second is the securing of food, which for rabbits means only the cropping of all kinds of green shoots, and in winter the gnawing of the buds and bark of saplings; and third is the maintenance against enemies. Stoats, lynxes, dawn-flying hawks . . . the woods and fields and sky are populous with hunters of rabbits. In the rabbit heart, as in the hearts of all wild things, there is no continuum of terror; there is no long, sick dread, for forgetfulness and concern with immediacy are of the essential nature of animal mind. But the cottontail is wary, alert, with a protective timidity in its blood such as even far more formidable wild animals, indeed wolves, natively have; and the young rabbits have not been long out of the nest before

they begin acquiring the protective lore which their instinct bids them accumulate: the finding of every hollow stump, every abandoned woodchuck burrow, every tumbled and intersticed old stone fence within their area of countryside, and the unconscious storing in their dim little animal memories of the geography of these sanctuaries. Rabbits must maintain themselves against their enemies mostly by cunning flight and hiding.

Only rarely is there an exception. It comes, when it does, in the nesting period, when in the darkness a mother rabbit, her small, warm, wriggling brood beneath her, catches the sound of a near-by twig snapping under a stealthy tread and smells the rank odor of a fox. A kind of wild valiance may then leap up in her gentle blood. She may spring, in the darkness, straight for the intruder, her long hind legs flying in a “rabbit kick,” her soft ears laid back against her skull. By the surprise of her assault, she may drive off her enemy. Or there may pierce the darkness, in a moment, the long, high scream which sends every other rabbit in near-by woods and meadows scuttling to cover. They know what it is. It is a rabbit’s death cry.

To doze by day, sniffing the smell of sun-warmed earth and

dreaming obscure animal dreams, in a "form" of leaves and grasses . . . to hop forth in the dusk, soft-eyed, alert-eared, and browse tranquilly among the damp green shoots in the moonlight . . . to zigzag and back-track and hide in chosen sanctuaries to escape from enemies . . . to drink at small forest pools, to raise broods of soft-nosed little ones in fur-lined nests, to frisk and rush and leap and caper sometimes in antic playings which are the exultancy of the wild heart in the fact of aliveness and the sweetness of the primordial world . . . that is the whole story of rabbits.

It is not much of a story. But it is eloquent, poignantly eloquent, of the spirit that pervades all lives which are in close kinship with the earth: the peaceableness of the individual, the watchfulness and valiance against inimical species, but the friendliness with its own, the acquiescence in the seasonal behests and behavior governings of the obedient blood. It speaks at once a reassurance and a warning.

A reassurance to men of good will that they are right in their championings; for biologists are in agreement with Brahmans that acquiescence in nature's central and tendential themes — such themes as pervade the small, thicket-haunting lives even of rabbits — is alone the Way, mystical or zoological, by which a species may hope to prosper. A warning, to all men everywhere, that the great tides and tendencies of the parent earth are strong, and much older than man, and not to be thwarted.

We are a small species, recent and precarious. Our lease is conditional. There is no impossibility in the coming of a time, should the human creature persistently oppose its will against the central biological current, when a planet fecund with vegetations, melodious with prospering birds and capering rabbits and a whole implacably restored harmony of fur and fins and feathers and weathers and seasons, might spin forward upon its inscrutable interstellar journey without a man aboard.



## THE LIBRARY

By MAX EASTMAN

### *How Decadent Are We?*

ROBINSON JEFFERS says in his new volume of poems<sup>1</sup> a thing that many have been thinking:

*It is not Europe alone that is falling  
Into blood and fire.  
Decline and fall have been dancing  
in all men's souls  
For a long while.*

Jeffers is a somber poet with a passion for bleak landscapes and storm-dark dreaming, a passion for hawks and harsh thoughts. It is true, as his publishers say, that his poems "reflect a world in a death struggle, and he stands with his generation on the brink of destruction." When they further describe him as "still resolutely proclaiming a world's new beginning," it is anything but true. It seems rather an effort to sell the book to a market where Van Wyck Brooks' therapeutical critical standards, alas, too widely prevail. If Jeffers mentions that the world will someday begin anew, it is because he knows this to be a fact and he has

mental integrity — his gloom is not sentimental. It is, however, a grand style gloom, and the idea of his "resolutely proclaiming" some regenerative thought, in the manner of a trusty and tuneful Dr. Coué, is painfully inept.

*The future is a misted landscape,  
No man sees clearly, but at cyclic turns  
There is a change felt in the  
rhythm of events, as when an  
exhausted horse  
Falters and recovers, then the  
rhythm of the running hoof-  
beats is changed: he will run  
miles yet,  
But he must fall: we have felt it  
again in our own life time, slip,  
shift and speed up  
In the gallop of the world; and now  
perceive that, come peace or  
war, the progress of Europe and  
America  
Becomes a long process of deterioration —  
starred with famous  
Byzantiums and Alexandrias,  
Surely — but downward.*

<sup>1</sup> Be Angry At The Sun, Random House. \$2.50.

It is well that this should be courageously said and it may indeed prove true. For me, however, there is always a hazard in history. I see the same prospect, but I see other possibilities provided certain choices are made.

At least in America, there are many souls in whom decline and fall have distinctly not been dancing of late. Examples could be taken from science, art, commerce, manufacture, sport, exploration — even a few, perhaps, from politics. But especially in literature, the prospect is far from Byzantine. Here on my desk, to take a small instance, is a tiny book called *The Idiom of Poetry*,<sup>2</sup> by Frederick A. Pottle, which carries the Theory of Criticism to new heights. It is an original and forceful tackling, by an English teacher who has mastered both the logic of science and the psychology of poetry, of the world-old problem of relativity in critical standards. Why did all wise and regular guys throughout the eighteenth century regard Alexander Pope as the greatest of English poets, and the same guys in the nineteenth century agree, on the whole, that he was no poet at all? And why did T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Edith Sitwell and other arbiters of elite opinion in

our own day, suddenly sit up and rub their eyes and discover that the eighteenth century was right after all? It is obvious that a whole centuryful of people cannot really be either “right” or “wrong.” Professor Pottle’s idea is that arbitrary “shifts of sensibility” underlie these revolutions in poetic idiom, comparable to those which so mysteriously bring about systematized changes in the grammar or pronunciation of a language.

“In poetry each age has its unique problem. . . .” “The chief function of the critic of contemporary poetry is to define the emergent idiom. . . .”

It is an original, wittily illustrated, concisely argued, sensible little book such as you do not often find in Byzantiums or Alexandrias.

Six years ago, Sherwood Anderson’s young friend and protégé, E. P. O’Donnell, won the Houghton Mifflin prize, and the more substantial prize of Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, with his first novel, *Green Margins*. It was a tender tale of life in the Mississippi delta, so richly hung around with realizations of natural beauty that many praised it above the romances of W. H. Hudson. It would have been easy for the author to dash

<sup>2</sup> Cornell University Press. \$2.00.

off another tale in the same style — I am sure he had enough material left over — and go right on making money. Instead, he retired for six years into a little shack down there behind the great dyke, where he lives largely on oranges and oysters, and composes lying down on an army cot with a typewriter canted up on a self-patented contraption in front of him. There he undertook a really heroic task — that of combining the already achieved tenderness and richness of natural description with a sustained flow of hard-headed and gay-hearted humor. He has succeeded brilliantly.

His “delta comedy,” *The Great Big Doorstep*,<sup>3</sup> relates the life and adventures of a desperately poor and shiftless family, who live in a leaky rented shack propped up against the wind with poles. They see the detached doorsteps of a veritable mansion floating down the Mississippi, snake it out and drag it over the dyke, and lean it up against the front end of their shack, carefully leaving it unattached, so that it won’t belong to the landlord. It becomes their life-ambition to possess a house that will match that “doorsteps” — and the ambition is achieved. That is the plot — that and the fact

that Evvie, the youngest daughter whose biological and other problems provoke your loving anxiety comes of age. But the book has suspense as well as beauty and laughter. It has pace. It has hard-grained and yet large-hearted human understanding. And it contains one or two episodes — notably the quarrel about whether Uncle Dewey’s hat “draws ants” — which belong with the best of American humor. And that also is not a thing to be found in Alexandrias or Byzantiums.

## II

Another recent book written with an intense, upright flame burning in the author’s mind is *The Destiny of Western Man*,<sup>4</sup> by W. T. Stace — a book which would be better named “The Defense of Greco-Christian Civilization.” I cannot imagine a more arduous undertaking than to prove to modern minds, brought up on principles of relativity and scientific skepticism, that the issue in the struggle between democracy and totalitarianism is not between two differing concepts of the good life, but is a struggle between good and evil, maturely and ultimately defined. Mr. Stace has not only set himself

<sup>3</sup> Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50.

<sup>4</sup> Reynal and Hitchcock, \$3.00.



this heroic task, but he has carried it through with amazingly persuasive force. His book is a Treatise on Ethics, a complete education in that field, and yet the reins of his argument are so tightly held, and the argument is of such keen contemporary interest, that the book has almost the suspense of a novel, notwithstanding an old-maidish meticulousness and reiteration of ideas.

I wonder if I can convey briefly an intimation of its thesis:

Moral laws, to begin with, do not derive their sanction from outside of man; they are imminent in his peculiar nature. "A better or truer morality is one which more adequately expresses human nature. . . . Morality simply means the principles of the good life for man. . . ." It means the "harmonious working of human personality through the proper functioning of each of its parts." In this, Mr. Stace takes his stand categorically upon the Greek as against the Christian portion of our inheritance. He thinks the Greeks had the view of morality men would always have taken, had their minds not been "diverted, or rather perverted, from it by a special historical cause."

As between the Greek idea that human nature will function harmoniously only if Reason is su-

preme, and the Christian idea that Sympathy must be the supreme principle, he does not take sides. He thinks they can be reconciled and combined together. (Sympathy, to perform the operation with undue brevity, is Reasonable.) And he thinks that their combination, or confluence, gave its essential character to our western civilization. It gave to our civilization its key idea, or distinguishing principle — the idea, namely, of "the infinite value of the individual," or in other words, that the individual is always to be regarded as an end rather than a means. Mr. Stace can persuade you that, logically as well as historically, this idea flows both from the primacy of Reason and the primacy of Sympathy, as an ethical principle.

It is this key idea, and all that has crystallized around it, which the Nazis are trying to root out. And the Nazi prophets are the anti-rationalist, Schopenhauer, who declared that not Reason but Will should be supreme, and the anti-Christian Nietzsche, who rejected Sympathy in the name of a ruthless Will to Power. Mr. Stace's argument avers that this modern German ethic of the primacy of the Will is not only ungracious, unmagnanimous and unlovely to us who were brought up on the contrary

assumption, but it is *untrue* in as absolute a sense as an erroneous hypothesis in physics or chemistry is untrue. For Reason and Sympathy to be held in high regard is as necessary for the harmonious functioning of man's nature as it is for a lion's to eat meat. It is necessary to the good human life. Therefore, the good life — not merely our conception of it — is what we are defending in the war against the totalitarians.

That is a scant and miserable intimation of Mr. Stace's argument, but enough, I hope, to show how impressive the book is. It is intense and elevated and intellectual, and yet simple, realistic, not unsmiling — again, a sensible book. Such works do not arise from a state of decline and fall.

And lastly here are Robinson Jeffers' poems themselves. There is no decadence in them. I was afraid there would be when I read in his preface: "It is right that a man's views be expressed, though the poetry suffer for it." I was afraid he might turn out, after all, to be "resolutely proclaiming" something that he did not, in his own self, think and feel. But it is not so. His "views" stand up there as dark and violent, as absolute in their

integrity as his great dramatic poems. And the new dramatic poem in this volume, called "Mara," has all the power of the old.

*Allen reached out his arms to  
Fawn and she came; he tossed  
his pale*

*Partner to O'Neil. She was tired  
and hung in his arms,  
But Fawn was like a Thracian  
bacchante, wanton-eyed, reckless  
with pleasure, her body pressed  
Against Allen's, her lips panting,  
her head flung back  
Lolling on the taut throat, shaking  
the brindled meteor  
Of lion-color hair . . .*

That kind of writing also does not arise in Byzantiums or Alexandrias. It does not betoken a state of decline and fall. There must be some other choice open to us in America, if we can only make it.

I must add that I think Mr. Stace has correctly defined it for us in general terms. We have to choose the life illumined by the mind, the distinctively human life of reason and sympathy, as against that of surrender to blind instinct, which, however decorated with mystical or patriotic or even "proletarian" ideologies, is animal and savage.

# THE CHECK LIST

## NON-FICTION

DEFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR, by W. F. Kernan. \$1.50. *Little, Brown*. The principle expressed in the title is so right, its appeal to a nation impatient for decisive action is so direct, that the volume has won public acclaim. Colonel Kernan has done a real service if only because, in most of his frontal attack on the current strategic concepts, he has broken through old-fashioned thinking. He recognizes the rapid decline of the functions of sea power and stresses the importance of aviation.

Nevertheless, he falls far short of understanding the realities of warfare in the air of our age. That explains his rashness in urging offensive action before we are ready for it. It's all well enough to calculate that Italy is the weakest link in the Axis chain and hence should be attacked. But he fails to realize that the undertaking is impossible unless and until we are ready to take control of the skies over the Mediterranean. Without that, there can be no thought of transporting expeditionary forces or keeping them supplied. How can we possibly land large-scale forces on shores protected by enemy air power? And if we should obtain a few bridgeheads, how are we to hold them without aerial strength equal to the whole Axis air power on the continent, which can converge to annihilate us?

There is only one thing worse than not taking the offensive — and that's taking it prematurely. Actually, there can be no invasion, whether of Italy or of France, without mastery of the air over Europe. But when that is available, invasion will be become a secondary, follow-up procedure. — ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY.

I'VE COME A LONG WAY, by Helena Kuo. \$3.00. *Appleton-Century*. Kipling's

bruised and beaten aphorism about East and West has taken a further kicking around since the Occident and Orient acquired a common enemy and a common destiny. But the individual transition is still slow and difficult, as Miss Kuo's autobiography proves. Her life has been a long struggle to bridge the gap in spite of the handicaps imposed upon her by both civilizations. In China, in England, and now in America, she has fought and continues to fight for herself, her sex and her country.

Miss Kuo's story has a great deal to recommend it. Her life has been eventful enough to make a first-class adventure yarn; the sharp penetration of her mind as it explores and contrasts Eastern and Western civilizations is a delightful excursion into common philosophy; and everywhere in the book the freshness and charm of her personality make the pages sing with her lovely presence.

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY, by Sean O'Casey. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. The second volume in Mr. O'Casey's autobiography, and even better than its predecessor. Here he is still in his teens, and for the first time comes in contact with the magic of the theatre, poetry, painting and music. He writes of it all incisively and yet with almost incredible tenderness — not the tenderness of the romantic prevaricator, but the warm, unceasing pull of the boy who has never ceased marveling at floating clouds and the grace of his mother's movements as she prepares breakfast. There is nothing remotely like it in all contemporary autobiography.

AMERICA'S STRATEGY IN WORLD POLITICS, by Nicholas John Spykman. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. The Sterling Professor of International Relations at Yale has here

written an important and very suggestive book. He considers American foreign relations from the point of view of geopolitics. He deals what appears to be a death blow to the whole isolationist ideology, and pleads for greater "interference" in world problems. "The interest of the United States demands not only victory in the war, but also continued participation in the peace." He is for a revival of the League of Nations, but he would have it greatly revised so that it would be "based on states of approximately equal strength with a covenant that provides for a revitalized Article 10 and a really effective system of 'peaceful change.'" There are many useful appendices, but the index is much too brief.

**GOVERNMENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC**, by Austin F. Macdonald. \$3.75. *Crowell*. Dr. Macdonald, who is professor of political science in the University of California, has here written what is ostensibly a textbook on the Argentinian political setup, but it can also be read with ease and profit by the general reader. He is especially careful to point out the deep differences, as well as similarities, between our constitution and that of the South American republic. There are several valuable appendices and a good map.

**THE ROOTS OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM**, by Rohan D'O. Butler. \$3.00. *Dutton*. Mr. Butler is a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and obviously very familiar with German history in almost every one of its aspects. After massing his evidence, he presents this conclusion: "German thought and German practice have for the last century and a half been undermining the civilization of the west; they are hostile to that civilization and eager to bring about its ruin; they wish its ruin because it is built upon the mean of reason, the Christian ethic, the scientific spirit, and human worth—all alien to the German outlook which casts right back to barbarism." His method of reasoning often amounts to little more than name-calling, and

when he brings up Dr. Freud and psychoanalysis as samples of "the Nazi reaction against reason," one becomes very dubious of the intrinsic value of his book and of its value even as war propaganda.

**AMERIGO: A COMEDY OF ERROR IN HISTORY**, by Stefan Zweig. \$2.00. *Viking*. Amerigo Vespucci was a commonplace mathematician, navigator and astronomer and yet the New World was named after him even though he did not discover it and was not the first to set foot upon the mainland. How his name came to be used is "an endless story of accidents, errors, and misunderstandings," which he himself attempted to rectify in his lifetime but to no avail. Mr. Zweig related this fantastic tale with great skill. It is the sort of thing he could do perfectly, and now that Hitler has killed him by remote control, it will be a long time before his like appears on earth again.

**ALL MY BORN DAYS**, by John A. Garde. \$3.50. *Scribner's*. Captain Garde, U.S.N.R., was a naval intelligence officer in Europe in the years 1916-1940. Here he presents his memoirs—his meetings with Kings, Emperors, Empresses, cardinals, premiers, dictators, generals, *et al.* What he has to say makes pleasant reading and in all probability will furnish many a footnote to many a history book in the future. Sometimes his remarks are even of immediate importance, as when he argues from personal knowledge that the Belgian King Leopold was moved by "honorable and imperative reasons" to surrender his army.

**HOW MAN BECAME A GIANT**, by M. Ilin and E. Segal. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Addressed chiefly to older children, this book offers an excellent survey of evolution and anthropology, and in every way is as well done as Ilin's previous books, "Black on White" and "What Time Is It?" The translation by Beatrice Kinkadee is very readable and the illustrations by A. Komarov and E. A. Furman are excellent.

## FICTION

**WIND BEFORE RAIN**, by John D. Weaver. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. This first novel by a MERCURY contributor, dealing compassionately with the difficulties of hill people faced with the inevitable change from an agricultural to an industrial way of life, is unmistakably the work of one of those rare writers who has reached a high level of maturity at the opening of a career. His scene, the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, is shown in a clear, penetrating light; his characters, especially the young couple whose bitter love story is handled with realism and tenderness, are set afoot on their own paths, alive and moving; his theme, the rising wind of transition pulling up roots before the rain of a new world, is never spoken and yet felt in every happening that occurs in the book.

**ONLY ONE STORM**, by Granville Hicks. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. "There's only been one storm that never cleared up — and that's this one" is the New England saying from which Mr. Hicks has taken his book's title. It is the story of John Q. Liberal, U.S.A., during the period described by Eugene Lyons as "The Red Decade." Mr. and Mrs. Liberal go through a lot of soul-searching and self-torture trying to decide whether or not to join the Communist Party. While they are on the brink, ready to jump, Stalin signs on the dotted line under the signature of Adolf Hitler. *Only One Storm* is Granville Hicks' apologia to America for ever having contemplated the thought. The Yankee Americans he writes about are warm and genuine, which is also the book's quality.]

**GOOD COMRADES**, by Felix Salten. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Romantic, sad, and gay stories of rabbits, ants, kittens, dogs, cows, bears, deer, falcons, pheasants and woodcocks. They are all most charmingly written, and occasionally a telling "moral" comes through. The translation by Paul R. Milton is very readable and the illustrations by Bob Kuhn are good.

**HILLS BEYOND MANHATTAN**, by Guido D'Agostino. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A young French architect finally finds himself in accord with the spirit of America after becoming involved in a quarrel between his rich employer, who is starting a snooty hunting club, and the villagers, who refuse to work on the project because the land on which they have always hunted and fished will be taken away from them.

**THE GAY SISTERS**, by Stephen Longstreet. \$2.50. *Random House*. A story of a fortune, inherited by three sisters, which makes a pretty plum for lawyers to wrangle over, of shady doings in high places, and of the unpleasant facts lurking behind the dignified façades of Fifth Avenue houses. Crisply and ironically written.

**THE BIG SNOW**, by Jake Falstaff. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. The story of a boy, thirty years ago, and what befalls him during the big snow on his grandfather's farm. Charming nostalgia.

**WOMEN MUST WEEP**, by Ruth Adams Knight. \$2.50. *Hale, Cushman and Flint*. The tribulations of a small-town girl who can't find expression for her literary ability. She leaves her dull husband, makes good in the big city and — you're right — finally gives up her career for true love. Fair entertainment.

**FULL CRASH DIVE**, by Allan R. Bosworth. \$2.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. The story of a submarine disaster and of murder on land and sea. The excitement and the unusual background make this one a real thriller.

**MURDER OF A SUICIDE**, by E. X. Ferars. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Edgar Prees, curator of the Asslington Botanical Gardens, is found shot at close range with his own revolver. He had attempted suicide the night before. An eccentric crime author and a reformed crook play the rôle of amateur detectives, while Inspector Tingey is at his professional best.

# THE OPEN FORUM

## CARLSON AND AMERICA'S FASCISTS

SIR: Mr. Carlson is wrong when he writes in the *MERCURY* that the National Workers' League is "an organization whose membership numbers former members of the notorious Black Legion, the Bund and the Ku Klux Klan." The League is a political organization made up of true patriotic Americans that believe in America and Americanism. . . . F. D. R. broke international law twenty-six times before America was offended once. It is up to Americans to throw out our Jewish-Communist-British-traitor administration in a legal way, defend America first, and make a negotiated peace.

The FDR's, Peppers, McNutts, Churchills, Stalins, Edens, Winchells, Dorothy Thompsons, Rabbi Wises, Morgenthau, Carlsons, Hulls, Kaltenborns, fan dancers, movie actors, and other warmongers who brought this war to America are not worth the life of one American boy, even if they throw in "campaign orator" Willkie for good measure.

The peace will be negotiated by Hitler, Mussolini, the present Japanese Government, and by Sir Oswald Moseley of England, and by patriotic Americans such as General Moseley, William Dudley Pelley, Father Coughlin, Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Nye. It will be a just peace for all and not a peace for the benefit of international parasites and traitors.

GARLAND L. ALDERMAN  
(National Secretary,  
National Workers League.)

*Detroit,  
Michigan.*

SIR: You honor American intelligence by publishing such articles as Mr. Carlson's. It shows that the "invasion" of our shores has already occurred. I have been interested in

American defense since 1937, and was a member of the commission appointed by the President to choose our defense bases in Newfoundland, Bermuda and other British territory.

I hope your magazine will encourage Mr. Carlson in his battle to bring this fascist activity before the American public. I am frightened at the shadows that hover over us. Even officers in my own Pennsylvania Army speak the words of the Nazis, and from all evidence the regular troops are infiltrated. Is our democracy too loose an organization to save us from ruin? Must we have a form of absolutism to enable ourselves to rid the land of these potential Quislings?

STANLEY TRUMAN BROOKS  
(Curator, Invertebrate Zoology,  
Carnegie Museum.)

*Pittsburgh,  
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I am interested in Mr. Carlson's suggestion that Freedom of Speech and Freedom of the Press should be withdrawn as far as proven enemies of American democracy are concerned. Well, why not?

I think American and Canadian liberals take democratic principles too seriously. Why should we not suspend internal freedom for the duration of the war in law as well as fact? They did it in Australia when the Jap menace became evident. The important thing now is unity. We can't have unity as long as every Tom, Dick and Harry feels himself free to throw his spanner in the works. Why not make it a criminal offense to block the road to unity?

PIERRE SABIN

*Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Canada.*

SIR: After reading "Inside the America First Movement," I am grinding my teeth with indignation at the complacent Justice Department. What can we citizens do besides write indignation letters? Can anything stir the soft-hearted idealists?

MARK HOFFMAN

*Miami Beach,  
Florida.*

SIR: You are to be congratulated on the Carlson articles exposing the fascist enemies in America. As I have lived in Germany for many years, I recognize the familiar Goebbels technique in this country.

HARRO MILLER

*Washington, D. C.*

SIR: I am grateful for the article "Our Fascist Enemies Within." I have used it in my broadcast in support of the proposal by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of North America to amend the Constitution.

REV. WILLIAM C. KERNAN

*Camden,  
New York.*

SIR: I note with interest your letter from Mrs. Chester E. Bates in which she declares that she is still proud of having been an America Firster. She defies Mr. Carlson to prove the un-Americanism of the Firsters. I assume she can now see that no further proof is needed. One count alone indicts the Firsters: that of giving aid and comfort to our enemies.

JAMES H. BETTS

*New York City.*

SIR: I would like for you to furnish me the address of the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith and the other brave gentlemen whom, it seems, you wish to have prosecuted for showing up the alien-minded groups in America who betrayed us into this war. If you'll furnish me these addresses, you'll afford me the consolation of contacting some kindred souls before we are all dispatched to your limbo.

WILLIAM J. McLAUGHLIN

*New York City.*

## COAL OIL JOHNNY

SIR: I beg to differ with Mr. Asbury when he states that Coal Oil Johnny died at Fort Crook, Neb., in 1920. When I worked in a shoe store in Terre Haute, I knew Coal Oil Johnny well. He met his death in one of the brothels on North Second Street in Terre Haute. His wife shot him full of holes. The state refused to prosecute her; they said it would cost too much money.

If, as Mr. Asbury avers, Coal Oil Johnny died in Nebraska at the age of 77, who was this man who was shot to death in the Terre Haute brothel?

I am sure there are many people in Terre Haute who remember Coal Oil Johnny and his untimely death.

E. E. EHLMANN

*Jacksonville,  
Florida.*

## SO LONG, BRITAIN!

SIR: The fall of Singapore relieves the white man of his burden. Never again will a Britisher be able to kick a Chinaman in the chair-warmer and get away with it. The British Empire is no more.

The decline of the Empire began in 1900, when it took Britain two years to subdue a handful of Boer farmers. The fall may be credited to the ancient dispute between Province and Metropolis, the latter always attempting to exploit the former, and the former always paying back when the latter is in a pinch.

MORRIS A. JAFFE

*Astoria,  
Oregon.*

## EZEKIEL AND ASTRO-PHYSICS

SIR: What is it about DOWN TO EARTH that seems to appeal to the more messianic and gently paranoiac among the MERCURY's readers? During the last few weeks I have received (a) a volume of Mystical Commentary on Ezekiel, (b) a reproof of my geology from a flat-earther, (c) a treatise by a "technosophist" who signs himself "Professor



Dr. Moran, Graduate of N. Y. Hobo College," (d) a criticism from a Seneca Indian, and (e) the announcement of a new cancer theory derived from a combination of Edingtonian astro-physics and Roman Catholic theology.

I wonder why *DOWN TO EARTH* draws these somewhat different readers? Apparently, my hints of the cosmological arouses the moon-touched blood of these unhappy people.

ALAN DEVOS

*Phudd Hill, Hillsdale,  
New York.*

### LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

SIR: What kind of country is it that will send a man out to die for it, yet when he has had his guts blasted out, the simple fact that he died for his country is such unpleasant news that it must not be published back home for fear of "undermining the morale" of the home folks?

I'm just another one of these guys who's got a \$21-a-month job with Uncle Sam. I spend my time learning how to kill Japs and Germans. It's my job. I'm doing the best I can, and I don't have much time to think. But I'll be goddamned if I can figure out what the Government means when it announces that casualty lists can't be published because they are "depressing." Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that when a guy has done his best and died in some jungle or desert trying to save decency for the world, surely his country could allow him one line in a newspaper to inform the fellows in the office back home that he did all he could do.

It seems to me that the American people would want to know the names of the fellows who stopped the bullets and bayonets, and it looks to me like the effect would be just the opposite of "undermining" the morale. For myself, I'd like to know the name of every American bucko who's had the honor of dying by the side of a soldier like MacArthur. I'd like to salute those guys individually, and if the list is ten pages long, it won't depress me a bit. It'll just make me want to get at the enemy a little faster.

I'd like to believe that if the Japs knock me off in Australia, the newspaper back home will announce the fact, not as any tribute to me because I won't know anything about it anyway, but just so the fellows who knew me will know that one guy from a red hill in Georgia somehow found the courage to stay in there and fight. The Government says the announcement of my death would scare the folks back home, "depress" them, and make them want to fold up and quit. But, by God, I don't believe it's true.

If I'm wrong, I wish you'd explain it to me so I can understand it. But if I'm right in believing that the casualty lists should be printed and that my folks can still take it, then I hope you'll do what you can to set the fellows down in Washington straight.

They say our casualty lists would give "comfort" to the enemy. But I say, let's send a cable to Hitler and Hirohito every morning, telling them how many of us they killed yesterday. Then let's "comfort" them with the little reminder that after they've killed ten million of us, we will only have begun to fight.

I'm fighting for my kind of folks here in America, and I'd like to think that when they hear that the Japs got me, instead of folding up and quitting, they'll send a thousand more guys right behind me to do the job I couldn't finish.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

### MR. ROSS REPLIES

SIR: In a letter in the March issue of the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, Dr. Harry Benjamin criticizes my article "Sex in the Army" (Dec., 1941) as being "factually not correct and in its viewpoint not very mature."

He first takes me to task for stating that the Army tries to suppress prostitution, assuming that soldiers would then abstain. Dr. Benjamin points out that Drs. Parran and Vonderlehr, of the United States Public Health Service, "blame the army for not suppressing prostitution with all the power at their command." Dr. Benjamin is correct, but so was I. The official position of the Army



to suppress prostitution, as stated in the title, but I was careful to point out that the attempt was not successful, and that many of my officers were out of sympathy with the campaign.

Dr. Benjamin then goes on to imply that I favor a moralistic vice crusade. He writes that I endorse "measures of suppression advocated by the American Social Hygiene Association." Quite the contrary. First of all, my article was primarily a reportorial job — a description of what was going on — not an expression of my personal views on the subject. But I did try to indicate (pp. 667, 668) that suppression was not a satisfactory solution to the problem, since the Army made no effort to provide a sexual substitute for prostitution. I don't think that Dr. Benjamin has adequately documented his allegation that suppression leads to "more frequent abortions, seduction, attacks on children, and sex crimes in general." On the other hand, I should think the effects of abstinence on the soldiers might, in certain cases, prove deleterious. I agree with Dr. Benjamin that the problem is one of checking venereal infection, and that the widespread use of prophylaxis, as well as the most up-to-date treatment, are the best methods of achieving this end.

IRWIN ROSS

New York City.

## IN DEFENSE OF ARTISTS

SIR: Craven's article on "Our Decadent Art Museums" makes a good point, and if some of the galleries became a little less pansy-ridden in consequence, it wouldn't hurt American culture. But he does make grave charges against men who are in no position to defend themselves over on this side, and someone should speak out.

Craven writes: "As crowning evidence of the glory that was France, I shall point out that the most celebrated members of the modern School of Paris, Picasso included, are living in the occupied capital; that every one of them is *persona grata* to the Nazi overlords; that André Derain, in all but name, is court painter to the conquerors; that the noble

painters whose hearts once bled for French art are now playing into the hands of the Germans, who grant them special privileges and buy their pictures with money extorted from the French people."

Unless Craven is a less responsible writer than I thought, his credulity must have been imposed upon with pretty weighty evidence — or the appearance of such evidence — before he resorted to kicking in the face these great artists who are now in no position to reply. Here are some of the facts: Picasso is living in seclusion, living like the rest of the Parisians, without asking for special privileges and without receiving any. He is no longer painting, but is doing some sculpturing. To label Derain "court painter to the conquerors" borders on the malicious. Artists, like factory workers or farmers in occupied France, continue to work in order to exist.

How exactly were they to resist the Nazi plunder of Parisian art galleries? What reason has Craven to imply that they would have shown themselves more vigorous artists and better Frenchmen if they had fled Paris — assuming that they could — for a somewhat less onerous position in London or New York? I must admit that this unseemly haste to draw easy journalistic applause by castigating artists who are now taking the rap leads me to suspect the whole tone of his article. I think I can detect some similarity between his interpretation of "decadent art" and that of Dr. Goebbels. I have seen exhibitions of what the Nazis call "healthy art," cluttered with their pleasant "classic" nudes and "earthy" themes, and while schoolboys came to gape, I had my doubts about this sort of art appreciation and the Nazi critics who boasted how successfully they had "purged the artists of decadence."

By the way, since the Nazis put chief blame on Craven's "School of Paris" for this "internationalism" in art, by what logic does Craven now make this same group "*persona grata*" with the conquerors?

S. L. SOLON

London,  
England.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM B. ZIFF (*A Plan to Destroy Germany*) is head of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, whose publications include *Flying* magazine, *Popular Photography*, *Radio News* and a string of other periodicals. A close student of military affairs, he recently returned from Great Britain where he went *via* bomber at the invitation of the British Air Ministry. His article in this issue is based on *The Coming Battle of Germany*, a book on which he is now working. It will be published early in June by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

ANITA DANIEL (*The Miracle of Switzerland*) is a Roumanian-born newspaperwoman, editor and writer who has lived, traveled and worked all over Europe. Now in this country, she was only recently a columnist for the Swiss newspaper, the *Basler National-Zeitung*.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON is a frequent contributor to the *MERCURY's* poetry columns. He teaches creative writing at the University of Missouri.

LOUIS GOLDING's (*Dunkirk Bill*) world-wide peregrinations have landed him presently in New York, where he finished a new novel the other day. Best known as the author of *Magnolia Street*, he has written some forty books all together, including novels, verse, drama, travel and *belles lettres*.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE (*The New Army Hates Parades*) is an associate editor of the *MERCURY* and a contributor of such recent articles as *Jesse Jones: Pawnbroker to the World* and *The South Kills Another Negro*. He is the author of *Mud on the Stars*, a novel to be published this month by L. B. Fischer. The novel is the first published effort to portray a soldier in the New American Army, his

turbulent experiences during the Depression and what he thinks he is fighting for now.

Traveling in Europe during 1939 and 1940 on the Rome Prize in Architecture, ERLIN IVERSON (*What You Should Know About Bombs*) made a thorough study of passive defense and the effects of bombing. Since his return, he has been serving as a consultant in problems of structural air raid protection and lecturing to architects and engineers at Pratt Institute.

FRANK KELLY (*One To Forget*) is a 27-year-old Kansas City newspaperman, an alumnus of that community's famous *Star*, and now on the New York staff of the Associated Press. One of his published short stories was in the O'Brien anthology of 1936 and attained international circulation thereafter.

As a writer for the Houston (Texas) *Post*, ER KILMAN (*Galveston's Street of Shame*) is able to specialize in Southern Americana, a sample of which is in this issue.

DOROTHY KISSLING (*Sing, America, Sing!*) is a Chicagoan who comes from Texas, a daughter of an Army officer, a descendant of George Rogers Clark. She writes: "Members of my immediate family have served in each of America's wars except this one, and my son, of course, looks forward to serving as soon as possible."

J. P. McEvoy's (*Drexel Biddle: Gentleman Tough*) particularly American humor has appeared in numerous magazines and books.

BRYCE OLIVER (*Franco Invades Latin America*), radio news commentator, once worked for the United Press in South America as correspondent, and later in this country as assistant foreign editor.

## Recorded MUSIC

**RECOMMENDED ALBUMS** — By far the best of is month's waxings is a new version of the belius Symphony No. 1, performed for Vicr by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. It replaces a much earlier recording made by Mr. Ormandy during his inneapolis tenure. This one is a superior job every way (Victor, M-881, \$4.50). In a less renuous vein is Jerome Kern's "Showboat: cenario for Orchestra," played richly by adair and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia, M-495, \$3.68). Stokowski and the All-merican Orchestra, which has now dropped Youth" from its title, contributes a much-eeded modern recording of Strauss's "Death nd Transfiguration" — melodramatic music erformed just that way (Columbia, M-492, 3.68). Victor offers two outstanding virtuoso performances: the Brahms Trio No. 1 in B or, tossed off masterfully by Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz and Emanuel Feuermann (M-883, \$4.50); and Marian Anderson, with the aid of William Primrose, is superb in the two Brahms lieder, "Longing At Rest" and "Virgin's Cradle Song" (M-882, \$2.50). Finally, for lovers of the purely classical, there a polished performance of the Vivaldi Concerto Grosso in D minor, by Koussevitzky and the Bostonians (Victor, M-886, \$2.50), and the magic of Felix Weingartner applied to the Brahms second symphony, with the London Philharmonic (Columbia, M-493, \$5.78).

**RECOMMENDED SINGLES** — The dearth of really top-notch single discs continues. Best of the current lot appears to be William Schuman's "Festival Overture," played by Hans Kindler and the National Symphony (Victor, 18511, \$1.00). Others worth a hearing: the *Agnus Dei* from Mozart's C minor mass, with the Montreal Festivals orchestra and chorus and Marcelle Denya as soloist (Victor, 18512, \$1.00); and Bidu Sayao, accurate and lovely in arias from "Manon" and "Romeo and Juliet" (Columbia, 17301-D, \$.79). — JOHN TREBEL.



# It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath, from \$4.50.

## HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNARD G. HINES, Managing Director

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK



## BE TALLER

than in ordinary shoes

Staturaid shoes make you taller by 1, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2½ in. (more than in ordinary shoes). Increases posture too. Built-up feature cleverly concealed from outside view.

Select from 60 smart styles for town, country, sports, military, university wear. Staturaid are custom-made. One week delivery. Free Staturaid catalog sent in plain wrapper. Write Dept. 100.

SEND for  
**FREE  
CATALOG**

**JOSEPH BURGER**

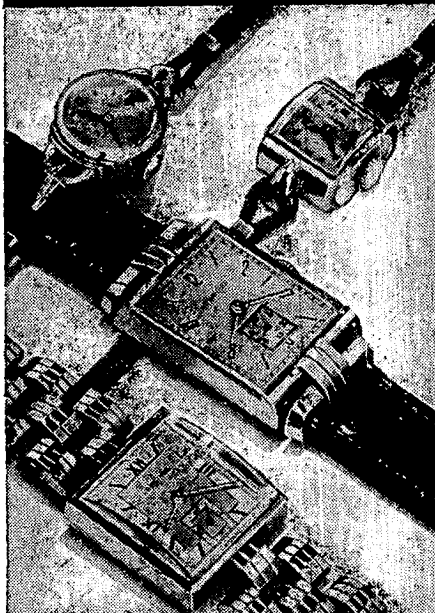
Factory and Showroom — Buy Direct from Maker.  
2067 Third Ave., near 118th St., N. Y.

# Longines

## THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. See the new Longines Watches at Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler Agencies. See also the Wittnauer Watch, a companion line of outstanding value at a moderate price from \$27.50—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva. Prices include Federal Tax.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) \$93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet \$82.50



## The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS  
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICE

### PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AG  
Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on Best Lists and in national periodicals. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors Highly recommended aid for revision and public Information on request. 49 West 42d St., New York

### OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND supplied; also family histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subject languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Books and Magazines).

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE  
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" which you particularly desire. Please write us "Wants." No obligation.

### THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O Box 22 New York

### RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist" Published monthly. News and feature articles on coins, medals and paper money. Six-month trial subscription \$1.50. Sample copy 30c. Write for circular. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

### GENERAL

TEST THIN-FLEX BLADES AT OUR EXPENSE — You get a quicker, smoother shave with Thin-double-edged blades. Enthusiastically recommended by users. Top rating by expert testers. Send \$1 for 30 Test Flex Blades. Money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Plaza Merchandise Co., 130 E. 51st St., N. Y.

## ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N.Y.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its best and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your editions, your rarities, your literary services, your prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement (about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB-5, THE LITERARY BAZAAR, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

## LEARN SPANISH BY PL CAR



Sensational method produces QUICK results. Guaranteed to teach or money back. PLAY THIS ENJOYABLE COURSE ALONE OR WITH OTHERS. Clothbound textbook and four \$2.00 assorted decks of cards. Postpaid \$20.00.

Specify Language Desired

RODALE PRESS Dept. AM4 Emmaus, Pa.

# EE if you join THE LITERARY GUILD now . . . the "new best-selling novel, "BRIDE OF GLORY"

(Continued from other side of this cover)

orated by foreign governments. Then, in her full matur-  
great love for which every woman longs was consum-  
As beloved mistress of Lord Nelson, "the world's greatest  
he took her place in history, but she remained Emy Lyon  
and — a valiant and laughing spirit, undaunted and for-  
ung.

the exciting and colorful story told in BRIDE OF GLORY,  
t new novel by Bradda Field. It is unfolded against one of the  
amatic and most eventful backgrounds of world history. The  
"a *Inquirer* has named it "this year's candidate for 'Anthony  
' honors . . . a vivid story." *The Chicago News* said "'Bride of  
first-rate drama of three-dimensional human beings caught in  
s turbulent as our own." Although this big 963-page book sells at  
the original publisher's edition for \$3.00, we will send you a copy  
ly free if you join the Literary Guild now. Read full details below.



## Why Guild Membership Is FREE — and You Save 50% — and More — on Outstanding New Books

Ordinary savings which you can make on the  
books are your best reason for joining the Literary  
Guild since there are no dues or fees. You can  
get library many of the latest, most important  
fiction and non-fiction, at a flat price of only  
— regardless of the higher prices (from \$2.50 to  
which they are published. There is no obligation  
to accept a book every month after you have  
may take as few as four Guild selections a year  
at membership.

### Save You Up to 50%!

month the Guild manufactures for its huge mem-  
beral Guild Edition of an outstanding new book,  
from the advance lists of leading publishers. Even  
— here's price is as much as \$4.00, you pay only  
your handsome Guild edition. And you get it on  
on the very day that the more expensive publish-  
er's is put on  
hermore, the  
Guild now  
member a  
as soon as  
id selections  
purchased at  
0 each. This  
book is always a  
ste, selling at  
\$2.50 to \$4.00!

### "Free

Guild member  
e FREE each  
the famous  
in a magazine  
which con-  
tained articles  
current selec-  
author, and  
a special con-  
by the author.  
s" is sent to  
one month in  
so that it de-  
he book se-  
the following  
f you feel you  
nt to examine  
merely notify

the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other  
hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it  
sent for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important cur-  
rent reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books,  
any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the  
established retail prices.

## SUBSCRIBE NOW

Send No Money — Just Mail Card Below

Guild service starts as soon as you accept Free member-  
ship. "Bride of Glory" will be sent you immediately abso-  
lutely FREE. But you are urged to mail the card at once  
— this offer may soon have to be withdrawn! Literary Guild  
of America, Dept. 5A.M., Garden City, N. Y.

## MAIL THIS CARD TODAY — NO STAMP NEEDED FREE: "BRIDE OF GLORY"

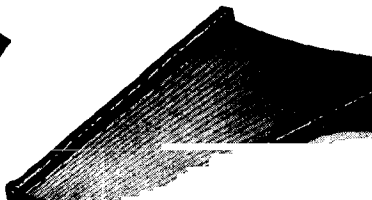
LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Publishers  
Dept. 5A.M., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Bride of Glory."  
(963 pages, retail price \$3.00) absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the  
Guild magazine *Wings* and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I  
agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless  
of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
If under 21, \_\_\_\_\_ age please \_\_\_\_\_

For plan serving Canadian subscribers, write to Literary Guild, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Free!



if you join THE LITERARY GUILD now . . .  
the big new fiction best-seller of the year . . .  
the brilliant, racy tale of an impetuous beauty  
who rose from obscurity to influence a  
nation's destiny

## BRIDE OF GLORY

by Bradda Field

AT FIFTEEN Emy Lyon was initiated in the arts of love by a British sea captain who plucked her out of a London riot. When his shore leave ended he blithely passed her on to his wealthy young friend Sir Harry . . . and Emy as blithely went. Sir Harry dressed her in men's clothing, taught her to ride. After outraging the countryside with her wild pranks, she ran away and joined a glorified raree-show. Her breathless, enchanting beauty became the talk of London. England's foremost artist found in her his greatest inspiration. In the years that followed, through a maze of love affairs, intrigues and betrayals, she fought her way upward in court society. She became the confidante of royalty, was entrusted with great cares of state by England.

(Continued on inside of this cover)



action—

pages . . . tempo swift-  
the beginning to the end, the  
nated . . . *Bride of Glory* will be  
the year's best-sellers because it, like i

is irresistible.  
Butcher,  
Tribune.

"A rich ta  
living . . . the  
of romance.  
Herald Tribun

"A novel o  
man quality, c  
portrait of an  
ingly human w  
impetuous, hig  
generous to  
—N. Y. Times.

SEE INSIDE  
FREE GUILD

—THEN  
CARD. NO  
NEEDED.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED